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CHRISTMAS DREAMS.

FEEBLY my lamp is glimmering, about to leave me to the light of the moon and stars. There is it trimmed again—and the sudden increase of lustre cheers the heart within me like a festal strain—and To-Morrow—To-Morrow is Merry Christmas, and when its night descends, there will be mirth and music, and the light sound of the merry-twinkling feet within these now so melancholy walls, and sleep, now reigning over all the house—save this one room—will be banished far over the sea—and Morning will be reluctant to allow her light to break up the innocent orgies.

Were every Christmas of which we have been present at the celebration, painted according to nature—what a Gallery of Pictures! True, that a sameness would pervade them all—but only that kind of sameness that pervades the nocturnal heavens,—one clear night being always, to common eyes, so like another,—for what hath any night to be proud of but one moon and some thousand stars—a vault “darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,” here a few braided, and there a few castellated clouds? Yet no two nights ever bore more than a family resemblance to each other before the studious and instructed eye of him who has long communed with nature, and is familiar with every smile and frown on her changeful, but not capricious countenance. Even so with the Annual Festivals of the heart. Then our thoughts are the stars that illumine

those skies—on ourselves it depends whether they shall be black as Erebus, or brighter than any Aurora.

My Father's House! How it is ringing, like a grove in spring, with the din of creatures happier, a thousand times happier, than all the birds in the world! It is the Christmas Holidays—Christmas Day itself—Christmas Night—and Joy intensifies Love in every bosom. Never before were we brothers and sisters so dear to one another—never before had our hearts so yearned towards the authors of our being—our blissful being! There they sit—silent in all that outcry—composed in all that disarray,—still in all that tumult—yet, as one or other flying inap sweeps round the chair, a father's hand will playfully try to catch a prisoner,—a mother's gentler touch on some sylph's disordered cymar be felt almost as a reproof, and, for a moment, slacken the fairy-flight. One old game treads on the heels of another—twenty within the hour,—and many a new game never heard of before nor since, struck out by the collision of kindred spirits in their glee, the transitory fancies of genius inventive through very delight. Then, all at once, there is a hush, profound as ever falls on some little plot within a Forest, when the moon drops behind the mountain, and the small green-robed People of Peace at once cease their pastime, and vanish. For She—the Silver-Tongued—is about to sing an old ballad, words and

air both hundreds of years old,—and sing she doth, while tears begin to fall, with a voice too mournfully beautiful long to breathe below,—and, ere another Christmas shall come with the falling snows, doomed to be mute on earth—but to be hymning in Heaven!

Of that House—to our eyes the fairest of earthly dwellings—with its old ivied turrets, and orchard-garden, bright alike with fruit and with flowers, not one stone remains! The very brook that washed its foundations has vanished along with them,—and a crowd of other buildings, wholly without character, has long stood, where here a single tree, and there a grove, did once render so lovely that small demesne! which, how could we, who thought it the very heart of Paradise, even for one moment have believed was soon to be blotted out from being, and we ourselves, then so linked in love that the band which bound us all together was, in its gentle pressure, felt not nor understood, to be scattered far and abroad, like so many leaves, that after one wild parting rustle are separated by roaring wind-eddies, and brought together no more! The old Abbey,—it still survives,—and there, in that corner of the burial-ground, below that part of the wall which was least in ruins, and which we often climbed to reach the starlings' and martins' nests—there, in hopes of a joyful resurrection, lie the Loved and Venerated,—for whom, even now that so many long, long, grief-deadening years have fled, I feel, in this hushed and holy hour, as if it were impiety so utterly to have ceased to weep—so seldom to remember!—and then, with a powerlessness of sympathy to keep pace with youth's frantic grief—the floods we all wept together—at no long interval—on those pale and smiling faces, as they lay in their coffins, most beautiful and most dreadful to behold!

"Childish! childish!" methinks I hear some world-wise thinker cry. But has not one of the wisest of spirits said, "The child is father of the man"? And if so, ought the man

ever to lose sight of any single one of those dear, dim, delightful remembrances, far off and remote, of objects whether alive or dead,—whether instinct with love and intelligence, or but of the insensate sod, that once were to him all his being,—so blended was that being then, with all it saw and heard on this musical and lustrous earth, that, as it bounded along in bliss, it was but as the same creation with the grass, the flowers, the streams, the trees, the clouds, the sky and its days and nights,—all of them bound together by one invisible chain,—a green, bright, murmuring, shadowy, floating, sunny and starry world,—of which the enraptured creature that enjoyed it was felt to be the very centre,—and the very soul!

Then came a New Series of Christmasses, celebrated, one year in this family, another year in that—none present but those whom the delightful Elia, alias Charles Lamb, calleth the "old familiar faces;" something in all features, and all tones of voice, and all manners, betokening origin from one root—relations all, happy, and with no reason either to be ashamed or proud of their neither high nor humble birth—their lot being cast within that pleasant realm, "the golden mean," where the dwellings are connecting links between the hut and hall, fair edifices resembling manse or mansion-house, according as the atmosphere expands or contracts their dimensions, in which Competence is next-door neighbor to Wealth, and both of them within the daily walk of Contentment.

Merry Christmasses they were indeed—one Lady always presiding, with a figure that once had been the stateliest among the stately, but then somewhat bent, without being bowed down, beneath an easy weight of most venerable years. Sweet was her tremulous voice to all her grandchildren's ears! Nor did those solemn eyes, bedimmed into a pathetic beauty, in any degree restrain the glee that sparkled in orbs that had as yet shed not many tears, but tears of pity or of

joy. Dearly she loved all those mortal creatures whom she was soon about to leave; but she sat in sunshine even within the shadow of death; and the "voice that called her home" had so long been whispering in her ear, that its accents had become dear to her, and consolatory every word that was heard in the silence, as from another world.

Whether we were indeed all so witty as we thought ourselves—uncles, aunts, nephews, cousins, and "the rest," it might be presumptuous in us, who were considered by ourselves and some few others the most amusing of the whole set, at this distance of time to decide—especially in the affirmative; but how the roof did ring with sally, pun, retort, and repartee! Ay, with pun—a species of impertinence for which we have therefore a kindness even to this day. Had incomparable Thomas Hood had the good fortune to have been born a cousin of ours, how with that fine fancy of his would he have shone at those Christmas festivals, eclipsing us all! Our family, through all its different branches, has ever been famous for bad voices, but good ears; and we think we hear ourselves—all those uncles and aunts, nephews, and nieces, and cousins—singing now! Easy is it to "warble melody" as to breathe air. But, oh! we hope harmony is the most difficult of all things to people in general, for to us it was impossible; and what attempts ours used to be at Seconds! Yet the most woful failures were rapturously enored; and ere the night was done, we spoke with most extraordinary voices—indeed, every one hoarser than another, till at last, walking home with a fair cousin, there was nothing left for it but a tender glance of the eye—a tender pressure of the hand—for cousins are not altogether sisters, and although partaking of that dearest character, possessing, it may be, some peculiar and appropriate charms of their own; as didst thou, Emily the "Wild-cap!"—That *soubriquet* all forgotten now—for now thou art a matron, gentle as a dove,

and smiling on an only daughter, almost woman-grown—fair and frolicsome in her innocence as thou thyself wert of yore, when the gravest and wisest withstood not the witchery of thy dancings, thy singings, and thy show-ering smiles!

On rolled Suns and Seasons—the old died—the elderly became old—and the young, one after another, were wafted joyously away on the wings of hope, like birds, almost as soon as they can fly, ungratefully forsaking their nests, and the groves in whose safe shadow they first essayed their pinions; or like pinnaces, that, after having for a few days trimmed their snow-white sails in the land-locked bay, close to whose shores of silvery sand had grown the trees that furnished timber both for hull and mast, slip their tiny cables on some summer day, and gathering every breeze that blows, go dancing over the waves in sunshine, and melt far off into the main! Or, haply, some were like fair young trees, transplanted during no favorable season, and never to take root in another soil, but soon leaf and branch to wither beneath the tropic sun, and die almost unheeded by those who knew not how beautiful they were beneath the dews and mists of their own native clime. Vain images! and therefore chosen by fancy not too painfully to touch the heart! For some hearts grew cold and forbidding in selfish cares—some, warm as ever in their own generous glow, were touched by the chill of Fortune's frowns, that are ever worst to bear when suddenly succeeding her smiles—some, to rid themselves of painful regrets, took refuge in forgetfulness, and closed their eyes to the past—duty banished some abroad, and duty imprisoned others at home—estrangements there were, at first unconscious and unintended, yet ere long, though causeless, complete—changes were wrought insensibly, invisibly, even in the innermost nature of those, who being friends knew no guile, yet came thereby at last to be friends no more—unrequited love broke some bonds—requited love re-

laxed others—the death of one altered the conditions of many—and so—year after year—the Christmas Meeting was interrupted—deferred—till finally it ceased, with one accord, unrenewed and unrenovable. For when Some things cease—for a time—that time turns out to be for ever. Survivors of those happy circles! wherever ye be—should these imperfect remembrances of days of old chance, in some thoughtful pause of life's busy turmoil, for a moment to meet your eyes, let there be towards the inditer a few throbs of revived affection in your hearts—for his, though “absent long and distant far,” has never been utterly forgetful of the loves and friendships that charmed his youth. To be parted in body is not to be estranged in soul—and many a dream—and many a vision, sacred to nature's best affections, may pass before the mind of one whose lips are silent. “Out of sight out of mind,” is rather the expression of a doubt—of a fear—than of a belief or conviction. The soul surely has eyes that can see the objects it loves, through all intervening darkness—and of those more especially dear it keeps within itself almost undimmed images, on which, when they know it not, think it not, believe it not, it often loves to gaze, as on a relic imperishable as it is hallowed.

Hail! rising beautiful, and magnificent, through the mists of morning—hail! hail! ye Woods, Groves, Towers, and Temples, overshadowing that famous Stream beloved by all the Muses! Through this midnight hush—methinks I hear faint and far off a sacred music,—

“Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,

The pealing anthem swells the note of praise!”

How steeped in the beauty of moonlight are all those pale, pillared churches, courts and cloisters, shrines and altars, with here and there a Statue standing in the shade, or Monument sacred to the memory of the pious—the immortal dead! Some great clock is striking from one of ma-

ny domes—from the majestic tower of St. Mary Magdalen—and in the deepened hush that follows the solemn sound, hark how the mingling waters of the Cherwell and the Isis soften the severe silence of the holy night!

Remote from kindred, and from all the friendships that were the native growth of the fair fields where our boyhood and our youth had roamed, and meditated, and dreamed, those were yet years of high and lofty mood, which held us in converse with the shades of great poets and sages of old in Rhedicyna's hallowed groves, still, serene, and solemn, as that Grecian Academe where divine Plato, with all Hybla on his lips, discoursed such excellent music, that this Life seemed to the imagination spiritualized—a dim reminiscence of some former state of being. How sank then the Christmas Service of that beautiful Liturgy into our hearts! Not faithless we to the simple worship that our forefathers had loved; but Conscience told us there was no apostasy in the feelings that rose within us when that deep organ 'gan to blow, that choir of youthful voices so sweetly to join the diapason, our eyes fixed all the while on that Divine Picture over the Altar, of our Saviour

“Bearing his cross up rueful Calvary.”

But “a change comes o'er the spirit of my dream.” How beautiful in the setting sunlight are these mountains of soft crimson snow! The sun hath set, and even more beautiful are the bright-starred nights of winter, than summer in all its glories beneath the broad moons of June! Through the woods of Windermere, from cottage to cottage, by coppice-pathways winding up to dwellings among the hill-rocks, where the birch-trees cease to grow,—

“Nodding their heads, before us go,
The merry Minstrelsy.”

They sing a salutation at every door, familiarly naming old and young by their Christian names; and the eyes that look upward from the vales

to the hanging huts among the plats and cliffs, see the shadows of the dancers ever and anon crossing the light of the star-like window ; and the merry music is heard like an echo dwelling in the sky ! Across those humble thresholds often did we on Christmas nights of yore—wandering through our solitary sylvan haunts, under the branches of trees within whose hollow trunk the squirrel slept—venture in, unasked, perhaps, but not unwelcome ; and in the kindly spirit of the season, did our best to merryify the Festival by tale or song. And now that we behold them not, are all those woods, and cliffs, and rivers, and tarns, and lakes, as beautiful as when they softened and brightened beneath our living eyes half-creating, as they gazed, the very Paradise that they worshipped ! And are all those hearths as bright as of yore, without the shadow of our figure ? And the roofs, do they ring as mirthfully, though our voice be forgotten !

But little cause have we to lament that that Paradise is now to us but as remembered poetry—poetry got by heart—deeply engraven there—and to be read at any thoughtful hour we choose—charged deeper and deeper still with old memories and new inspirations. The soul's best happiness is independent of time and place. Such accidents touch it not—they “ offer not even any show of violence, it being a thing so majestic.” And lo ! another New Series of Christmas Festivals has to us been born ! For there are our own Living Flowers in our family garland ! And as long as He, who gave them their bloom and their balm, averts not from them or us the sunshine of his countenance, content—oh ! far beyond content—would we be with this, the most sacred of all

Religious Festivals, were it even to be holden by us far apart from them in some dungeon's depth.

Ay—well may we say—in gratitude, not in pride—though, at such a sight, pride might be thought but a venial sin within a father's heart,—“ There is our Christmas rose”—while a blush brightens the beauty of a face that we call “ fair, not pale,” and brighter and softer than the leaves of any rose, the ringlets dance over her forehead to the breeze of joy, and bliss and innocence give themselves vent in one of our own Scotia's pleasant but pathetic songs !

But the heart hugs such treasures as these in secret,—and if revealed at all to other eyes, it must be by but a fleeting and a partial light. Few words are needed to awaken, before parental eyes, the visions now stealing before mine,—and, broken and all imperfect though these effusions be, yet may they touch with pensive pleasure some simple hearts, that recognise the expression of some of their own emotions,—similar, or the same,—although life and its circumstances may have been different,—for in every single sentence, if it be but sincere, a word or two may be found, that shall awaken some complete reminiscence of joy, as the striking but of two notes at once fills ear and heart with a well-known tune, and gives it the full power of all the melody.

The lamp glimmers as it would expire,—the few embers are red and low,—and those are the shadows of moonlight on the walls. How deep a hush ! Let me go and hear them breathing in their sleep,—and whisper—for it will not disturb them—a prayer by the bedside of my children. To-Morrow is Christmas Day—and thankful am I indeed to Providence !

THE SHIP AT SEA.

A WHITE sail gleaming on the flood,
And the bright-orbed sun on high,
Are all that break the solitude

Of the circling sea and sky :—
Nor cloud, nor cape is imaged there ;
Nor isle of ocean, nor of air.

Led by the magnet o'er the tides,
That bark her path explores,—
Sure as unerring instinct guides

The birds to unseen shores :
With wings that o'er the waves expand,
She wanders to a viewless land.

Yet not alone ;—on ocean's breast,
 Though no green islet glows,
 No sweet refreshing spot of rest,
 Where fancy may repose ;
 Nor rock, nor hill, nor tower, nor tree,
 Breaks the blank solitude of sea ;—

No ! not alone ;—her beauteous shade
 Attends her noiseless way ;
 As some sweet memory, undecayed,
 Clings to the heart for aye,
 And haunts it—wheresoe'er we go,
 Through every scene of joy and woe.

And not alone ;—for day and night
 Escort her o'er the deep ;
 And round her solitary flight
 The stars their vigils keep.
 Above, below, are circling skies,
 And heaven around her pathway lies.

And not alone ;—for hopes and fears
 Go with her wandering sail ;
 And bright eyes watch, thro' gathering tears,
 Its distant cloud to hail ;
 And prayers for her at midnight lone
 Ascend, unheard by all, save One.

And not alone ;—with her, bright dreams
 Are on the pathless main :
 And o'er its moan, earth's woods and streams
 Pour forth their choral strain ;
 When sweetly are her slumberers blest
 With visions of the land of rest.

And not alone ;—for round her glow
 The vital light and air !
 And something that in whispers low
 Tells to man's spirit there,
 Upon her waste and weary road,
 A present, all-pervading God !

THE SPHINX.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA, ETCHED IN THE MANNER OF CALLOT.

"OLD-FASHIONED sticks ! Rational sticks ! Sticks for sober citizens !" exclaimed an old woman, standing with a bundle of sticks before her, on that pleasant public walk in Hamburg, called the Jungfern-stieg. Her stock in trade comprised canes and walking-sticks in endless variety, and many of them were adorned with knobs of ivory and bone carved into grotesque heads and animal forms, abounding in grimace and absurdity. It was early in the day, the passengers were all hurrying in the eager pursuit of business, and for a long time the old woman found no customers.

At length, she observed a pedestrian, of a different and more promising class, striding along the avenue. He was a tall and well-grown youth, and attired in that old Teutonic costume which it has pleased the enthusiastic students of Germany to revive in the nineteenth century. His step was the light bound of youth and happiness, and there was a kindling glance in his deep blue eye, and an involuntary smile at play upon his lip and cheek, which indicated that the cares of life were yet unknown to him, and that he was enjoying the brief and delicious interval between the close of academical studies and the commencement of professional labors

and anxieties. Soon as the keen orbs of the old woman discerned him, she screamed, with renewed energy,—
 "Rare sticks ! Noble sticks ! Knob and club-sticks for students ! Canes for loungers ! Fancy sticks ! Poetical sticks ! Romantic sticks ! Mad sticks ! and sticks possessed with a devil !"

"Indeed, you have, Mother Hecate !" exclaimed our student, as he approached her ; "then I must have one of them ; so look out the maddest stick in your infernal collection."

"If you choose the maddest stick in my stock, you must pay a mad price for it," said the old woman. "Here is one with a devil in it, and mad enough to turn the brain of any one who buys it ; but the lowest price is a dollar."

With these words, she held up to his inspection a knotted stick, on which was carved in bone the withered and skinny visage of an old woman, with hollow eyes and cheeks, a hook-nose and chin as sharp as hatchets, and tending towards each other like a pair of pincers ; in short, the very image of the old hag before him.

"Buy that stick, I'll warrant it a good one," whispered a friendly and musical voice in his ear. Arnold turned quickly round, and saw a youth of fifteen, of slender and graceful

figure, and clad in the fancy costume of an English jockey, who nodded to him smilingly, and disappeared in the crowd. While Arnold was gazing in silent wonder at the stranger youth, the old woman, who had also observed him, renewed her vociferations, with "Sticks à-la-mode! Whips for jockeys! Canes for fops and dandies, fools and monkeys!"

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed the startled student; "this poor creature must be madder than her whole collection. 'Twill be charity to purchase."

With mingled feelings of pity and disgust, he threw down a dollar, seized the stick, and hastened from her unpleasant vicinity. Soon as his back was turned she saluted him with piercing screams of "Spick-and-span new sticks! Rods for treasure-seekers! Wands for harlequins and conjurers! Sticks for beggars to ride to the devil on! Broomsticks for witches and warlocks! Crutches for the devil and his grandmother!" and concluded with a laugh so horribly unnatural, that the astonished youth turned round in dismay, and beheld the gaunt features of the old woman distorted with scorn and laughter, and her small grey eyes, protruding like fiery meteors from their sockets, glared upon him with an expression so truly maniacal, that he sprung forward in alarm, and was on the point of throwing away his stick to banish the hateful resemblance from his thoughts, when raising his hand for the purpose, instead of that horrid mask, he beheld with astonishment the smiling features of a nymph. Looking more intently, he discovered that the knob represented a Sphinx carved in the purest ivory. The pouting and beautiful lips were curved into an arch and mysterious smile, which, in combination with the raised fore-finger, seemed to warn, to mock, and to menace alternately, as the light and position were changed. The stick was a plain knotted stick, like the one he had purchased; but the carved knob, which displayed the masterly spirit and elaborate finish of

Cellini, appeared to him of inestimable value. He gazed upon it with a delight which speedily banished the hateful old woman from his thoughts, and the longer he gazed upon the laughing little Sphinx, the more enchanted he became with his prize, the more unconscious of what he was about, and whither he was going. Rambling onwards, he passed the city gate leading towards Holstein, and wandered through its pleasant groves and pastures in absorbing reveries for six or seven hours; nor was he roused from this pleasant day-dream until the rude contact of an oak-branch with his cap restored to our visionary Arnold the use of his faculties, and made him sensible that he was entangled at night-fall in a pathless wood of considerable extent. "What a fool I must be," he exclaimed, "to fall in love with a knob-stick, and lose myself in this ugly forest at dusk!" The recollection of his long reverie about the pretty Sphinx acted so forcibly upon his risible faculties, that he burst into an involuntary laugh, which continued until he was interrupted by a yelling peal in reply. He would willingly have regarded it as the echo of his own, but there was a cutting and sarcastic tone in the responsive laugh which jarred painfully upon his excited ear, and created a suspicion that he was the sport of mirth or malice. "Surely the devil houses here!" he exclaimed with emphasis, as he walked onward. Immediately a dozen voices answered him, and exclamations of "The devil houses here! Houses here! Here! Here!! Here!!!" resounded from all quarters. More startled than before, he looked around him in perplexity, but a brief pause of recollection recalled his scattered senses. "Nonsense!" he muttered to himself, as he paced more rapidly through the increasing gloom, "these sounds are nothing but echoes; but the night is at hand, and I would willingly know where I am. But is there not lurking mischief near me?" thought he, relapsing into suspicion that all was not right in these

dusky woodlands. "Come out!" he shouted, "and do your worst; be you man or devil!" There was no immediate reply, but listening attentively, the word "Devil," whispered at some distance, fell upon his startled ear, and the unhallowed sound was repeated in lower whispers, until it melted into distance. "This is beyond endurance," he exclaimed, as he rushed onward; "these cursed echoes will drive me mad."—"Mad! Mad! Mad!" replied a host of voices. At that moment he heard something rustling in the branches, and his foot struck against some object which uttered an inarticulate and moaning sound. He stepped hastily backwards, and looking down, discovered an enormous toad lying on its back, and struggling vainly to regain its legs. Yielding to a sudden impulse of uncontrollable disgust, he plunged the point of his stick into the bloated reptile, and hurled it into the adjacent underwood. The rays of a bright moon fell through an opening in the trees in the direction where he had thrown the toad, and Arnold shuddered with horror as he beheld the hideous features of the old stick-woman grinning at him like Medusa from the spotted toad. "Accursed beldam! Avaunt!" he shouted; "am I to be dogged for ever by this old woman?" Rushing through the underwood, he aimed a blow at her horrid visage, but encountered only the pale and streaky stem of a birch-tree. He laughed aloud on discovering the cause of this delusion, and immediately his ears were stunned by the monstrous and reiterated peals of laughter which assailed him on all sides. "I am surely beset by a legion of devils," thought the agonized youth, while his hair stood erect, and cold drops of perspiration rolled down his face as he listened to this horrid burst of merriment. Collecting, by a sudden effort, his scattered energies, he brandished his stick, and rushed headlong through the tangled thicket, shouting, "Have at ye all! Sprites! Witches! Ghosts! and Devils!" He plunged forward

like a maniac through the wood, until he stepped upon another toad, which yielded to the pressure; he lost his footing, fell breathless on the brink of a declivity, and rolled down the shelving side of a deep ravine, where he lay a considerable time, exhausted and senseless.

When restored to consciousness, he found himself reposing upon an embroidered sofa in a baron's hall, of antique and curious magnificence, and the soft rays of the morning sun were beaming brightly upon him through the arched and lofty windows. A lovely girl, of nymph-like hues and form, and robed with elegant simplicity, stood near his couch. Tresses of the brightest chestnut fell in waving luxuriance over her ivory neck and shoulders; her soft blue eye shot rays as mild as moonbeams upon the astonished Arnold; and around her bewitching mouth lurked a smile of indescribable archness and mystery. In short, she was the startling resemblance, the very counterpart, of the pretty Sphinx-head upon his stick.

"In the name of wonder, where am I?" exclaimed Arnold, starting from the sofa, and gazing upon the lovely stranger with delight and amazement. "Have the wheels of time rolled back again! Have the romantic splendors of the middle ages risen from the dead? Or have I been translated from that hellish forest to an angel's paradise? Or has my pretty Sphinx been gifted with life and motion, like Pygmalion's statue? Or have I lost my senses! Or,—pardon me, your ladyship!—You are surely no carved knob? I mean, my lady, no ivory Sphinx? I would say, that your lovely features are so mysterious and Sphinx-like, that I am perplexed and amazed beyond expression."

"Return to your couch, good youth!" replied the smiling fair one; "the fever paroxysms are not over. You are still raving; but I see symptoms of amendment. Be seated, I pray you, and endeavor to collect your wandering faculties. I can assure you,"

she continued, "that there is nothing supernatural about me or my castle, which is well known in Holstein as the country residence of the Countess Cordula. You approached it last night through my park, which is well wooded, and so intersected with rocks and ravines, as to be somewhat dangerous to night-walkers. Rambling, as is my wont, by sunrise, I discovered you lying senseless in a deep hollow, near the castle. The stick you rave about is at your elbow. How it came into your possession, I know not, but it once belonged to me; and the Sphinx-head was carved by my page Florestan, who is an ingenious little fellow, and amuses himself with carving my features, and applying them to every thing grotesque and fabulous in the animal world."

"Either my senses are the sport of dreams, or this world is altogether an enigma," replied the still bewildered Arnold; "I know very well that I live in the nineteenth century, and that I have studied at the University of Kiel. Common sense tells me that there are neither witches, ghosts, nor fairies, and yet I could almost swear that ever since yesterday noon, I have been the sport and victim of supernatural agency. If, therefore, noble lady! you are really no fairy, but, in good faith, the Countess Cordula, and a human being, I trust you will pardon my strange language and deportment, and attribute them to the real cause—my unaccountable transition from the horrors of your park to this splendid hall, and the dazzling presence of its lovely owner."

"Singular being!" replied the blushing Countess, "you have introduced yourself to me and my castle in so abrupt and original a manner, that I feel somewhat curious to become better acquainted with such an oddity. If, therefore, your time and engagements permit you to remain here a few days, I shall be happy to retain you as a guest, and to share with you the summer amusements of my secluded residence. If you delight in music and in song, in fine old pictures,

and the pleasant tales and legends of Scandinavia, you will find abundant resources under my roof."

"Your kindness and condescension enchant me, lovely Countess! I seek no happier fate," exclaimed the enraptured Arnold, pressing the hand of his fair hostess to his lips with fervent and deep delight. She acknowledged her consciousness of his undisguised admiration by a blush and smile of such flattering, such thrilling potency, that her intoxicated guest already ventured to indulge in some audacious dreams of the possible consequences which might ensue from daily and incessant intercourse with this fascinating Countess. Sympathy, love, and marriage, might follow in natural succession, and make him the happiest, the most enviable of human beings.

In a glowing tumult of delightful anticipations, he obeyed an invitation of his hostess to accompany her in a stroll through the castle gardens. Here a romantic scene of hills, and woods, and waters, met the eye, and Arnold recognised, with amazement, in the extensive lake, margined with hanging woods, and dotted with green islands and temples, a scene connected with some floating reminiscences of his childhood, or of some vivid dream, he could not determine which; but he recollected having gazed, on a glorious morning, over the hedge which bounded a noble park, with its Gothic castle, reflected in the mirrored surface of a lake. Pleasant footpaths meandered through its groves and gardens, and a cavalier of noble presence was ranging with his fair one through the beauteous landscape. He well remembered with what curious longings he had seen and envied the happy lot of that loving pair; and now, ecstatic thought! he no longer gazed on a forbidden paradise, but walked a bidden guest over this fairy scene by the side of its beautiful mistress; and this fondest dream of his juvenile fancy was realized with a vividness and abruptness which, to his still bewildered senses, partook of Arabian enchantment.

Returning to the castle, the Countess led the happy student to her picture gallery, which contained some rare and admirable specimens of the old masters. Arnold was no painter, but he had a painter's eye for the beautiful in art and nature, and he gazed with delight upon the works of Raffaele, Titian, Correggio, and Paul Veronese. The Countess pointed out to him some matchless portraits painted by these great men, and dilated upon their merits with such grace, spirit, and intelligence, that the figures seemed to breathe, and almost start from the canvass, when touched by the wand of this enchantress. One department of the gallery was occupied by the pictures of a modern German artist, who seemed to have drawn his inspiration from the eccentric etchings of the inimitable Jacques Callot. So wild and grotesque were his combinations of the imaginative and the supernatural, with the realities and commonplaces of every-day life, that Arnold, whose foible was a vivid and ill-regulated imagination, bestowed more earnest and admiring attention upon these ingenious caricatures, than he had devoted to the costly specimens of the old masters. Recollecting himself, he apologized to the Countess for this singular preference, and explained it, by acknowledging himself an admirer of the eccentric tales and visions of Hoffmann, whose intense sympathy with the extravaganzas and capriccios of Callot was abundantly notorious. The Countess replied only by a lifted forefinger, and an arch smile, which reminded him somewhat disagreeably of his ivory Sphinx, and he followed her in silence to the fine old gothic library, where she desired he would amuse himself for an hour, and left him to his reflections. These were unfavorable to study, and while he turned over many curious manuscripts and missals, unconscious of their contents, his memory was busily occupied in retracing every look and gesture of the fascinating Cordula. Wearied at length of studying so unprofitably the antique lore of this curious library, he

looked around for some book in a modern garb, and discovered a single tome in an elegant fancy binding. It was a volume of his favorite Hoffmann, and opened at the tale of the "Golden Vase." This narrative was new to him, and he devoured it with a relish so absorbing, that he had no difficulty in tracing a mysterious and startling resemblance in his own adventures to those of the student Anselmo. "Surely," he exclaimed, "that student must be my double, and he, or I, or both of us, are phantasms in the manner of Callot." The sudden entrance of the Countess dismounted him from his hobby, and although he felt a strong impulse to ask her if she thought he resembled a phantasm of Callot, the recollection that she had attributed his ravings about the Sphinx to temporary derangement, gave him a timely check, and the silver tones of her melodious voice dispelled entirely his delusion; he was again the happiest of men, and the blissful hours flew by unheeded, like moments.

Three days had vanished thus delightfully, and had appeared to our enamored student like a pleasant summer-night's dream, when, on the fourth morning, he heard with terror that the Countess was confined to her apartment by indisposition, and not visible to any one. Arnold's consternation and anxiety were for some time excessive, but they gradually yielded to a growing suspicion that the Countess was not altogether what she appeared. He recollected the story of the beautiful Melusina, who was at certain periods changed into a serpent, and carefully secluded herself when the hour of metamorphosis approached. His apprehension of a similar catastrophe was so enlivened by the fairy splendor which surrounded him in this mysterious castle, that he relapsed headlong into the fancies created by the strong resemblance of the Countess to his ivory Sphinx; and, forgetting alike the obligations of decorum and gratitude, he rushed onwards to her private apartment, push-

ed aside the opposing servants, and abruptly entered the forbidden chamber. The curtains were closely drawn to exclude the glare of daylight, and the yellow rays of a large French lamp threw a soft and mysterious light around the spacious apartment. The lofty walls were decorated with a French landscape paper, on which were skilfully depicted the wondrous features of Egyptian scenery. In different compartments were seen the enormous pyramids and temples; the broad and venerable Nile, with here and there a crocodile reposing in long and scaly grandeur on its margin; and opposite the door was painted, in high and full relief, the mysterious head of the Sphinx, resting its vast proportions on the drifted sand, and gazing in mild majesty over the vestiges of Egyptian grandeur, like the surviving monarch of a shattered world. The elegant Parisian furniture of this apartment was in corresponding taste, and the Countess was reclining upon a couch, supported by two large and admirably sculptured Sphinxes, while all the tables and chiffoniers were resting on the same pleasant-looking monsters. The lovely Cordula looked pale as an ivory statue; her lips were flushed with the glow of fever, and there was in her eyes a dark and melancholy lustre. She was reclining on her side, her bosom supported by her left arm, and when the agitated youth approached her, she raised the forefinger of her right hand, and thus addressed him. "Arnold! Arnold! who are you? and who am I?" "My lovely Sphinx!" exclaimed the bewildered student, "what do I see and hear? You propose to me an enigma which it is impossible to solve. Do you think I am one of Callot's phantasms? or, do you take me for *Oedipus* himself?"

"Arnold! Arnold!" continued the Countess, in tremulous tones and evident anxiety, "if you could solve my enigma, I should expire before you; and yet my cruel destiny compels me to ask, Who are you? and who am I?" At these dreadful words, the

unhappy Arnold felt his heart sink within him; his fairy visions vanished, his lips quivered with dismay, his knees smote together, his brain began to whirl, and all around him was mist and confusion. The sublime scenery which adorned the walls appeared to move around him like a panoramic landscape; the pyramids of Memphis and Saccara, the giant obelisks and temples, threw up their awful forms from earth to heaven, and stalked before him in colossal march, like spectral visions of the past. The troubled waters of the Nile began to leave their bed, and the scaly monsters on its banks to creep with opening jaws around the chamber; while the numerous Sphinxes which adorned it, assuming suddenly the form and features of the Countess, pointed their warning fingers at the frenzied Arnold, and with smiles of boding mystery, screamed in his shrinking ears the fatal questions, "Who are you? and who am I?"

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the agonized student, "I am hedged in by all the plagues of Egypt. Forbear! in mercy forbear!" he continued in delirious terror, while he covered his aching eyes and throbbing temples with his hands. "Forbear those horrid questions! I know not who I am.—Would I had never been!" Rousing, by a desperate effort, his expiring energies, he rushed out of the apartment, and fled from the castle to the adjacent wood. Winged with terror, he bounded through the tangled underwood, stumbled over the root of an oak tree, and rolled down the side of a declivity. He lay for some time stunned and dizzy with the shock, but gradually recovered his senses, and resumed his flight. After running with headlong speed for some hours, he looked up, and to his infinite amazement, found himself within a mile of the Holstein gate of Hamburg, and the ivory knob-stick in his hand. Slackening his pace to a sober walk, and gazing at the pretty Sphinx, he began to commune with himself.—"Surely the events of the last three

days cannot have been a dream? No, impossible! They were far too lively and circumstantial for a vision. But, if no dream, my Holstein Countess must be well known in Hamburg. I will make diligent search, and on the spot." He began immediately to question every passenger he met where the Countess Cordula resided; but no one had ever heard the name, or knew the stately baronial castle he described so minutely, and the vehement language, flushed cheeks, and sparkling eyes of the questioner, excited amongst the more thinking passengers a suspicion that he had drunk too deeply at the maddening fount of poetry and romance. "Alas!" soliloquized the disappointed Arnold, "if such a countess and such a castle are unknown, my strange adventure must indeed have been a dream, and the less I say of it the better, lest my friends should pronounce me a visionary, and my prospects in life be blasted by a nickname. I would give one of my ears," he continued, as he strolled towards the city, "if I could banish that fatal enigma from my memory.—'Who are you?'—'Who I am indeed is more than I can tell. I am the natural son of somebody, but whether of a prince or a pedlar, I could never learn. The question would have puzzled *Œdipus* himself. However, what has been may be again, and I have always the pleasant consciousness that I am possibly a prince incog., like a metamorphosed king in a fairy tale. The enchantment may be broken some day by a word, and I may find myself all at once betrothed to a princess, and heir apparent to a throne. But whatever I may turn out to be according to the flesh, I should like very much to know what I am in spirit and in truth; and, above all, whether I am a poet. Certainly my imagination is very prone to take wing, and fly away with me; and I have been often told that I am absent and eccentric. Surely these are indisputable tokens of a genius for poetry and romance.—By Heaven, I'll write a book! My own life and adventures will make an admirable epic,

and this laughing little Sphinx a delicious episode. The Countess Cordula; her matchless beauty and accomplishments; her stately castle, with its books and pictures, woods and waters—what delightful materials! But that horrible Egyptian chamber with its dancing pyramids; and those gaping crocodiles and chattering Sphinxes—Faugh! the recollection turns my brain. And those cursed enigmas, Who are you? and, Who am I?—Dear incomprehensible Countess!" sighed the still enamored student, "could I wish to solve these fatal questions at the risk of thy precious existence? No, my sweet Cordula!—Vision, or no vision! I shall never forget thee, and never cease to love thee."

On the following morning he hired an apartment in the suburb, overlooking the Holstein road. The house was in the centre of a pleasant garden, and commanded a view of the road and passengers without exposure to the dust and noise. He chose this situation in the latent hope that the Countess had deceived him by an assumed name, and that he might some day be so fortunate as to see her equipage on the road to or from Hamburg. The utmost efforts of his understanding had been unable to reach an entire conviction that his late adventure had been a dream, and the intense eagerness with which he began and pursued the story of his life, tended only to increase his delusion.

Prefixing the title of "Adventures of a Student, a Romance of Real Life, in the manner of Callot and Hoffmann," he compressed into a single chapter every precious incident as comparatively unworthy of his authorship; and, plunging with mad delight into the episode of "The Sphinx," he detailed, in glowing and impassioned language, his adventures in the haunted wood, and mysterious castle of the Countess. He wrote the earlier portion of this episode in the form and language of fiction, but the longer he wrote, the more confirmed was his belief in the truth of his romance; and

at length he yielded to a conviction that he was entangled in a romantic web of incidents, and that the sudden discovery of his illustrious parents would be the solution of the problem. The startling questions of "Who are you? and, Who am I?" haunted him like spectres, and amongst many singular speculations upon his own origin and identity, he began to indulge a suspicion that he had a double existence, and that he could inhabit two places at once. He now recollected with alarm the many tales he had heard, and once discredited, of men who had two distinct and intelligent existences, who had even beheld their own doubles, and had been warned by those mysterious appearances of their approaching deaths. Fearful of yielding himself too entirely to the dominion of this excitement, he would often rush into the busy streets of Hamburg, and endeavor to regain, by rough collision with the world and its realities, some portion of common sense and self-possession. But, whenever he approached his lodgings, his visionary fears returned, and he often hesitated to open his door, from an apprehension that he should behold himself seated at the table, and writing the continuation of his romance.

On St. John's day, Arnold returned home from a long ramble, and sat down after dinner in his verandah, which commanded a view of the road and passengers. It was a genuine midsummer-day; the sun was hot and brilliant, the sky was the deep blue of Italy, and the dusty road was crowded with vehicles, horses, and pedestrians innumerable; all eager to exchange the narrow streets and oppressive atmosphere of Hamburg, for the pure air and pleasant shade of the adjacent groves and gardens. Arnold gazed with envy upon the gay and elegant groups which passed in review before him; and coveted one of the many beautiful horses which pranced under their riders, or, in splendid harness, along the spacious avenue. Passionately fond of riding, he pictured to himself, in glowing colors, the delight

of bounding along on a fine English hunter, and of displaying before the admiring eyes of numerous belles his noble and fearless horsemanship. "And might I not have the good fortune," he exclaimed, as he gazed on the ivory Sphinx in his hand, "to meet my lovely Countess amidst that crowd of fashionables?" Reclining with his head and arms upon the railing of his verandah, he fell into his wonted reverie; and at length the sultry atmosphere, combined with the fatigue of a long walk, soothed him into a profound slumber, from which he was unpleasantly roused by that ominous question, "Arnold! who are you?" Looking up, he saw, in the garden, the elegant little jockey, whose mysterious recommendation of a stick on the Jungfern-stieg walk had so much perplexed him. The laughing boy stood below the verandah, and, pointing towards Arnold with his right fore-finger, repeated the annoying question, "Who are you?" Prompted both by anger and curiosity, the student started from his seat, rushed down stairs, and out of the house door, but the boy was gone.

Darting across the garden into the high-road, the puzzled youth looked right and left, but in vain; the jockey had disappeared, and Arnold, after some fruitless inquiries amongst the passengers, determined to join the gay throng, and amuse himself as well as he could without a horse. But all his endeavors to reconcile himself to the use of his own legs were ineffectual; and he recollected, with keen regret, those happy days of childhood, when a stick between his legs was as good as an Arabian courser. "How pure the delights, how poetical the delusions of childhood!" soliloquized our student, as he paced along. "Would I were but four years old! I should mount this knotted stick, and trot along this pleasant road, with fresh and exquisite enjoyment. I should believe myself mounted on a real horse; and what we thoroughly believe becomes a real and palpable truth, whatever this dull prosaic world

may say to the contrary." Pursuing this train of thought, the visionary Arnold plunged so deeply into the vivid recollections and associations of his childhood, that he at length forgot there was a world without, as well as a world within him, and actually putting the stick between his legs, began to canter away with great speed and spirit along the highway, to the indescribable amusement of the numerous passengers. Shouts of laughter resounded on all sides, but they were blended with the sounding hoofs and rolling wheels of numerous equipages, and fell unheeded or unheard upon the ears of Arnold, who pursued his ride with infinite satisfaction, until he beheld, in the distance, an equipage of surpassing splendor leave the avenue, and strike into a cross-road. It was an open English carriage, of rich and elegant design, drawn by four magnificent Danish horses, and preceded by two outriders in English jockey-cos-tume. The only occupant of this dazzling vehicle was a young and elegantly attired woman. Soon as Arnold beheld the jockeys, he recognised the garb of the mysterious youth who had spoken to him on the Jungfern-stieg, and again but an hour since in his garden. "That must be my lovely Countess," he exclaimed, as he bounded forward with lightning-speed to overtake the brilliant equipage. Finding his horse an encumbrance rather than a help, he transferred it from his legs to his fingers, succeeded at length in overtaking the carriage, and, to his inexpressible delight, discovered in the fair traveller his radiant and enchanting Cordula.

She immediately observed and recognised him. Stopping the carriage, she greeted the breathless and agitated student with a melodious laugh. "Hah! do we meet again?" said she. "Strange and incomprehensible youth! Are you not ashamed of yourself, to have mistaken me for an enchanted Melusina? What do you think of me now? Am I a marble Sphinx, or an ivory knob? Ha! ha! ha! You are truly an original personage, and far

more amusing than a Spanish comedy. Do step into the carriage, and give an account of yourself."

The abashed and bewildered Arnold did not wait a second invitation. Springing with an elastic bound of delight into the vehicle, he took the proffered seat by its lovely mistress, and the four prancing Danes resumed their speed.

"Ah! my adorable Countess," exclaimed the happy student, as soon as he could find breath and language, "why did you address me so mysteriously in that Egyptian chamber? And why did you recline upon your couch in the very attitude of the Egyptian Sphinx? Dangerous and incomprehensible fair-one! My adventures in your enchanted castle, and my vivid recollection of its lovely mistress, have brought me to the verge of insanity. My nights and days are successive dreams, haunted by your angelic form; and, so strong is the delusion, that I have almost lost the faculty of distinguishing between my waking and sleeping visions. Even the common incidents of every-day life assume a supernatural and mysterious character; and, can you believe it, lovely Countess! when I first beheld your equipage, I was mounted on this foolish stick, and cantering along the high-road like a brainless child, firmly believing all the while that I had a noble courser under me? Nay, more! I have even doubted the reality of those days of paradise, which I lived under your hospitable roof; and even now, that your vicinity brings the sweet conviction home to my ravished senses, I am disturbed by a vague and unconquerable apprehension that my present happiness is but a delusion, which a word or look may dissolve for ever."

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Countess, until the tears rolled down her cheeks. "Singular being! Can you still doubt the evidence of your senses? When will these wanderings of fancy cease? Beware, friend Arnold, of indulging such pernicious excitements, or you will end in doubt-

ing your own existence. You must struggle manfully against these dangerous hallucinations, and open your eyes and senses to a conviction that you are again my prisoner, and returning to the castle as fast as my impetuous Danes can whirl you."

"Would I were your prisoner for life, most lovely Countess! or that I had never entered the sphere of your enchantments!" exclaimed the enamored youth, with a gaze so fraught with tender meaning, that the blushing, smiling Cordula found it expedient to introduce a less hazardous topic of conversation.

The hours flitted on rosy wings over the enraptured student as he listened to the music of her thrilling voice, and became each moment more enthralled by her radiant features, and the nameless fascinations of her language and deportment. The evening had advanced unperceived, and the sun was sinking majestically behind the dark woods which belted the horizon, when the carriage stopped at a park-entrance, and the Countess, with a smile of mystery, invited him to walk through her enchanted grove to the castle.

As he assisted her descent, he observed, for the first time, the features of the two outriders, and discovered in one of them the mysterious youth who had roused him by that fatal question from beneath his window. While he hesitated to indulge his curiosity, the Countess, with flattering familiarity, took his arm and led him through the forest scenery which surrounded and concealed her castle. The daylight was rapidly disappearing, but he could easily discern in the numerous cliffs and caverns which adorned this romantic wood, and in the singular echoes which proceeded from them, the natural causes of those unpleasant adventures which attended his first approach to the Castle. The increasing gloom of this sylvan region was partially dispelled by the rising moon, and the intervals between the dense foliage were gemmed with stars which shone like pendant lamps in the dark

blue heavens. Suddenly a stream of brilliant light shot across the horizon. "Hah!" exclaimed Arnold, "what a splendid meteor!"

"It was no meteor," replied the Countess, "but a rocket from the castle gardens. You will meet a numerous assemblage of my friends and neighbors, invited to celebrate my birth-day by a *fête champêtre*, and a masked ball of dramatic costumes. That rocket was a signal to commence the illuminations, which are designed by my clever little page Florestan. I love that little fellow as if he were my brother, and you, Arnold! must love him for my sake. He is full of ingenious attentions to me, and he excels in everything he undertakes. He paints admirably in oil; and to-morrow," she added, with a sigh, "he shall paint your portrait, that I may at least possess a copy, in case the strange original should again doubt—again abandon me. But I trust, Arnold!" continued the bewitching Cordula, "that your second visit will be more enduring than the first."

These words were uttered in a voice trembling with emotion, and the supremely blest and enraptured student, no longer doubting her sympathy, knelt to his fair enslaver, and, with a beating heart and faltering tongue, stammered his tale of love. In blushing haste the lovely Countess extended her ivory hands to the kneeling Arnold, and bade him rise. Still holding his hands in hers with a gentle pressure, which electrified the happy student, she fixed upon his glowing features a long and searching gaze. "Ah, Arnold! Arnold!" at length she said, in tones of tender and impassioned modulation, "if you really loved me, you would not feel so inquisitive about me. You would love me for my own sake, regardless of the world and its opinions. But men were ever selfish and distrustful. They cannot love with the entire devotedness, the pure and lofty confidence of woman."

"Celestial creature!" exclaimed the delirious Arnold, "forgive my doubts and wanderings. They are at

rest for ever ; and, henceforward, you are my world, my universe. Pardon my daring hopes, my mad presumption, and make me the first and happiest of human beings, the husband of the beautiful, the accomplished, and highly-gifted Cordula."

"Dear Arnold!" whispered the blushing and gratified Countess, "I am yours. Henceforward you are the chosen partner of my affections and my life ; but beware of future doubts, and forget my singular questions in the Egyptian chamber. They were intended as a trial of your regard for me, but it was then unequal to the test. You doubted me because you could not comprehend me, and you would not believe, because you were not permitted to investigate. If you would not lose me for ever, follow blindly the impulses of your affectionate nature, and destroy not our happiness by inordinate anxiety to know of what materials it is composed."

The fortunate student, still dizzy with this unexpected height of bliss, promised boundless confidence, and love everlasting, and sealed his promise with a fervent kiss upon the rosy lips of the blushing fair one. When this rapturous overflow of feeling had somewhat subsided, he observed a fiery glow spreading over the horizon ; and as they emerged soon after from the forest-shades, he was startled, and for a moment blinded by a spectacle almost too dazzling for human vision. The noble mansion of the Countess was illuminated from end to end, and reared its proud and castellated form like a huge pyramid of light. The ingenious Florestan had traced with lines of radiant lamps, each buttress, battlement, tower, and pinnacle of the lofty edifice, which stood in bright relief before a dark background of woody hills, and realized the chivalrous magnificence of the middle ages. The stillness of the lovely night was now bro-

ken by a gentle breeze, which gradually swelled into a gust, and suddenly the sound of sad and thrilling harmony floated above the loving pair. A louder strain succeeded, and the whole atmosphere was suffused with the lofty intonations of harp-music, which soared insensibly into the sustained and solemn grandeur of an organ, and then, melting down in progressive cadences, died away on the breeze like the faint and lingering whispers of an Æolian harp.

"Surely, my sweet Cordula!" exclaimed the wondering Arnold, "we listen to the music of the spheres. Whence come those awful sounds?"

"It is the giant's harp," replied the Countess. "Seven powerful wires, tuned to the gamut, are stretched between the flanking towers which overtop the castle, and when it blows a storm, the pealing of this great weather-harp is carried on the gale for several miles."*

Another rocket soared aloft, and suddenly an unseen band of Turkish music began a lively, bounding measure. The castle-gates flew open, and a numerous train of youths and maidens, carrying torches, issued from the portal to meet the approaching pair, strewn flowers along their path, and danced before them in gay procession to the entrance of the great baronial hall of the castle, in which the tasteful illuminations of Florestan had created the blaze of noon. Their arrival was announced by a triumphant flourish from the trumpets stationed in the gallery, and immediately a crowd of dramatic maskers and mummers rushed forward to greet them. Arnold gazed in speechless amazement at the grotesque extravagance of garb and feature exhibited in the masks and costumes of the numerous guests. All the witches, and demons, the ghosts, and grave-diggers, of Shakspeare and Goethe ; the harlequins,

* The giant's harp is a colossal imitation of the Æolian harp, and was invented in 1786, by the Abbate Gattoni, at Milan. He stretched seven iron wires, tuned to the gamut, from the summit of a tower fifty feet high, to the house of Signor Moscati, who took a lively interest in the success of the experiment. In blowing weather, this mighty instrument would play harmoniously for many hours, and its powerful tones were carried to a distance hardly credible.

buffoons, and merry beggars, of Gozzi and Goldoni; and, yet stranger, the wild and grotesque conceptions of Callot, Hoffmann, and the eccentric artist in the castle-gallery, were embodied and let loose on this occasion. Arnold and the Countess retired for a short time to array themselves in the picturesque and splendid costumes of Romeo and Juliet, and, on their return to the hall, the music played an inspiring measure, and the merry maskers separated into groups for dancing. Too much excited and astonished to join in this amusement, the student stood in silence by his Countess, and gazed with painful forebodings upon the wild and fantastic scene around him. Meanwhile, the princely Hamlet and his crazed Ophelia, the aspiring Faust, the tender Margaret, and all the spectres and witches of Macbeth and May-day night, began to thread the mazes of a new quadrille; the buffoons and scaramouches of Venice performed with wild and startling vehemence the dramatic dances of Italy; and, while these groups filled the centre of the hall, the spectacled, distorted, and fantastic creations of Callot and Hoffmann encircled them, and waltzed around the hall in revolutions so fearfully rapid that their figures resembled flitting shadows rather than human beings.

"And where is Mephistopheles?" said Arnold, at length, somewhat ashamed of his long silence.

"He is the master of the revels," replied the Countess, "and the best dressed character in the hall. His mask especially is an admirable piece of mechanism, the contrivance of my ingenious Florestan. Behold him standing on a table, directing the music and the dancers."

Arnold approached the table, and started with dismay when he beheld this awful conception of the highly gifted Goethe personified with superhuman accuracy. He stood erect upon a table, and marked the time with a roll of parchment, on which music was traced in red and glowing charac-

ters, as if written with a pen of fire. His tall figure was muffled in a Spanish mantle, his narrow forehead and upward slanting eyebrows were shaded by his hat and feather, and a half-mask concealed only the higher portion of his unearthly visage, leaving exposed a mouth, cheeks, and chin of brown, livid, and horny texture, like the skin of a mummy. The nostrils of his beaked nose were dilated with intense scorn, and a derisive and satanic smile lurked round his skinny lips and spreading jaws, while his small and deepset eyes gleamed faintly through their pasteboard sockets like nebulous stars. A sudden shivering ran through the frame of Arnold as he gazed upon this awful masker, and he recoiled in abhorrence; but an unaccountable and serpent-fascination deprived him of all volition, and involuntarily he again approached the table; when, behold! the eyes of Mephistopheles, before so undistinguishable, were now protruding from the sockets of the mask, and glared upon him like the riveted and glittering orbs of a rattle-snake. Rooted to the spot, and unable to avert his gaze from this tremendous visage, the loathing student beheld those terrible eyes slowly recede into the head, and wane into utter darkness, like the revolving lights of a Pharos. He watched, with growing horror, until the luminous points re-appeared; the eyes again approached the pasteboard, and flashed out upon him with a glow so intensely fierce and vivid that no color was distinguishable. Sick and giddy with abhorrence, Arnold covered his aching eye-balls with his hands, and by a desperate and convulsive effort released himself from the thralldom of this basilisk. Turning away, he would have rushed from the hall, but found himself hemmed in by the grotesque and waltzing phantasms of Callot and Hoffmann, whose endless numbers darted in rolling succession round the immense hall, like the vast and buoyant articulations of a sea-serpent. While gazing on these extravagant caricatures, Arnold observ-

ed, with new surprise, that their eyes were not the soft blue of northern Europe, but of a tincture dark, steely, and glittering, like those of Spain and Italy; and as their mysterious forms whirled round him with appalling velocity, the alarmed student could not dispel an instinctive apprehension that some inscrutable and tremendous evil was maturing amidst all this portentous festivity. He fancied himself gazing on a Shakspearean mask, or midnight revel, and dreaded that, like the ill-fated Romeo, he should see the splendors of this princely hall too soon succeeded by the sepulchral gloom of tombs, the death of his sweet Cordula, and the sudden annihilation of all his earthly felicity.

"Enough! enough!" exclaimed the Countess at his elbow, as she made a signal to the band to cease. The dancers paused to refresh themselves, and the sweet converse of his lovely mistress soon roused the dreaming Arnold from his tragic visions, and restored him to a full sense of his happiness. The large folding-doors were now thrown open; the vivacious Florestan bounded into the hall, and summoned the Countess and her guests to view his fireworks from the castle gardens. Immediately the mob of maskers rushed like a torrent through the portal, and spread themselves in gay and laughing groups along the margin of the lake. Upon an island in its centre appeared an illuminated tower, modelled after the castle of St. Angelo at Rome. A signal rocket rose from the castle roof, and immediately a girandole of a thousand rockets rushed with volcanic force and brilliancy from the island-tower, filling the vault of heaven with its blaze, and dazzling all beholders with its splendid coruscations. The tower disappeared, and the vivid outlines of temples, palaces, and pyramids, appeared in magical succession, concluding with a lofty altar of colored lamps, before which stood two colossal candelabras, whose innumerable tapers blazed with serene and steady lustre in the tranquil night air. A venerable man, with silver

locks, and clad in priestly garb, was kneeling in prayer before the altar, and by his side stood a young and blooming chorister, swinging a golden censer. "My beloved Cordula!" exclaimed the delighted Arnold, "let not that splendid altar blaze in vain. Confirm at once my promised happiness, and bid that venerable priest unite our destinies for ever."

The blushing and agitated Countess answered not, but gazed upon him for some moments with mute and tender significance; then took his offered hand, and accompanied him to the margin of the lake, where rode a galley, gorgeous as that which bore the Queen of Egypt, and manned with numerous rowers. A velvet couch under a silken canopy received the beauteous pair, and the stately vessel, yielding to the efforts of the rowers, glided majestically over the tranquil bosom of the lake, while strains of solemn and triumphant music resounded from its shores, and white-robed nymphs in light gondolas, with each a Chinese lantern on its prow, flitted like water-sprites around the galley. A flight of marble steps, descending from the altar to the lake, was crowded with a group of choristers, each holding in his hand a blazing torch. They welcomed the enraptured Arnold and his Countess with a hymeneal chant, and accompanied them to the foot of the altar, where the aged priest greeted the happy pair with a benevolent and approving smile. He joined their hands, and in deep and impressive tones proceeded to bestow upon them the final benediction. At this moment the bridegroom thought he heard a voice whispering the fatal questions in his ear, "Arnold! Who are you? And who is your bride?" He turned hastily round to look at his beauteous Cordula, and, oh horror! her bloom and freshness had disappeared; she was pale and deathlike as a marble statue, and the position in which she reclined before the altar, was that of the Egyptian Sphinx. Glancing hastily at the priest and chorister, the alarmed student beheld

the fiendish smile of Mephistopheles lurking on the old man's lips, and the boy, before so different, was now the very image of the laughing Florestan. "No, by all that's sacred! Cordula! thou art no human being;" exclaimed the gasping and horror-struck Arnold, as he started on his feet. The Countess uttered a wild and unearthly shriek, and in an instant the torches, lamps, and tapers were extinguished by a fearful gust which swept with blasting speed over the lake and island. The bride, and priest, and choristers disappeared, and the stars were veiled in darkness; the giant's harp broke out in loud and wailing murmurs, the rain streamed down in torrents, hot lightnings hissed, and horrid thunders rolled around the heavens. The sleeping waters of the lake rose up in madness, enormous waves threw up their foaming tops, on which the lantern-boats, magnified by the diseased vision of Arnold into Sphinxes of colossal bulk, floated like argosies. Pointing their monstrous paws and eyes of livid flame at the crazed and breathless student, they jeered him with devilish grins, and in voices which rung through the hurricane like Indian gongs, tore his distempered ears with the horrid enigmas, "Who are you? And who am I?" The agonized youth was on the brink of absolute insanity: his brain collapsed with horror, his joints shook, his arteries swelled almost to bursting, and every fibre of his frame was racked with torture. He felt the foundations of the little island loosening beneath him, and it was too evident that it could not long resist the repeated shocks of the agitated and rising waters. Exerting his last remains of strength and consciousness, he clung to the highest of the marble steps, and awaited his inevitable fate in silent agony. Soon a loftier wave rushed up the staircase, drenched the luckless Arnold to the skin, tore up the solid marble, and covered the highest level

of the tottering islet. Clinging with the last energies of despair to a contiguous shrub, the breathless and half-drowned youth regained his feet after the wave receded, and as quickly as the darkness would permit, sought a tree, in the branches of which he might attain at least a temporary refuge. He succeeded in finding a stem strong enough to support him, but his powers were so exhausted that he could ascend only a few feet above the ground. Again the lightning blazed upon the lake, and by its flitting glare, Arnold beheld the boiling labyrinth of waters articulate with life, and all the slimy worms and bloated reptiles of the Nile gliding and quivering with open jaws around him. With an inarticulate shriek of horror he made a final and desperate effort to escape the teeming waters, and succeeded in gaining a higher branch. Vain hope! succeeding waves covered the yielding island, and the bending tree tottered and creaked beneath its trembling occupant. A monstrous gust came on with lightning speed, and lashed the waters of the lake to fiercer efforts; the giant's harp rang out, and pealed, and labored in the storm, louder than battle-trumpets; and, at length, a mountain-wave, rising above the head of the devoted Arnold, swept man, and tree, and island into the yawning gulf.

At this awful moment—a shrill voice shouted in the ear of Arnold, "You have dropped your stick into the garden, sir!" Opening his eyes, the amazed student found himself seated by moonlight in his verandah, and the old woman who took care of his apartments standing by him with the Sphinx stick in her hand. "Thank God!" exclaimed the inexpressibly relieved youth, as he wiped his streaming forehead, and threw his stick into the garden well—"Thank God! 'twas but a midsummer-night's dream, and that cursed Sphinx was nothing but a nightmare."

THE SUPERIORITY OF THE WORKS OF NATURE ABOVE THOSE OF ART.

—What skill, what force divine,
Deepfelt in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.—THOMSON.

To the mind possessed of a refined taste, and which delights in the exercise of its reflective powers, the works of nature, as they are generally termed, have ever been pregnant with the most satisfying and delectable sources of investigation. They have yielded, and still continue to yield, innumerable objects for the natural philosopher to examine, as well as for the unlettered to admire; and, replete with the most positive beauties, and communicative of the most agreeable sensations, they will never cease to engage the attention, till all that is beautiful and sublime in nature loses the power of captivating, and the mind becomes incapable of receiving delight.

Wherever we turn our eye, some object of admiration presents itself; into whatever recess we penetrate, our attention is arrested by the charms of some natural curiosity; and the more extensively we examine, and the deeper we search, the richer will be the conquest we attain. A more delicious feast cannot be presented to the curious and contemplative mind, than to roam amidst all the luxuriances of nature, and view her sporting in a thousand blooming and fascinating charms, or sublimely moving amidst the stupendous and wonderful works of the universe.

Above and around us, in the illimitable regions of space, roll the millions of orbs, which afford to us the blessing of light—which, it is presumed, bear a strong analogy to our own globe; these display the sublimer glories of nature. Scattered over the diversified surface of the earth, for various useful and important purposes,

the innumerable tribes of animal and vegetable nature exhibit amazing skill and contrivance; the depths of the ocean, the womb of the earth, and the regions of the air, all unite to set forth the glorious and inimitable perfections of the works of nature, while all conspire, by the regular and harmonious performance of their respective functions, however more or less operative, to send up a grateful song of praise to their wise and benevolent Author.

That the works of art assume to themselves the extensive and well-earned meed of approbation and admiration, will not be denied. That they may well be held up to the observation of the wise and good, and that they should be generally patronized as conducive to the comfort and pleasure of life, will be conceded without hesitation. But that they fall infinitely short of the nice and inimitable perfection, the well-regulated utility, and the positive beauty which characterize those of nature, is a fact which few can venture to disclaim, without sacrificing truth and judgment at the shrine of ignorance and impiety. No very deep insight into nature, or very extensive experience in art and science, is requisite to determine so obvious, though interesting a point.

The superiority of the works of nature may be argued—first, *from their originality*. Here all is fully, legitimately, the sole production of an all-wise Author: here all bears internal evidence of originality—for as they were called into being from nothing, they could not be copied from any thing antecedently existing. But with regard to the works of art, *they* are only copies from the masterpieces of

nature, and few will be bold enough to deny, that many of the most splendid and elaborate works of art, become so, simply from their unequalled models. Scarcely a performance is executed by man, which does not glory in being a transcript from nature; not an invention is made, without being analogous to some principle or operation of nature, whether more or less secret. It is truly to the hidden sources of nature, that men look for the most brilliant trophies of their talent and research; it is with delight they hail any appearance of nature, upon which they may display or exert their genius; and with no less ardor than pleasure, do they avail themselves of whatever may present itself to notice.

The works of nature are superior to those of art,—secondly; *in their workmanship and perfection*. Examine any of the former with the most scrutinizing eye, and you will find it to be framed with the nicest skill and proportion; all the parts exactly correspond and harmonize with one another; all perform the respective parts assigned them by eternal Wisdom, without the least deviation; and thereby the great ends of nature are regularly and effectually accomplished. There is not a single object in nature, that may not court the strictest investigation as it regards its perfection; and though many objects of course far exceed others in wonder and beauty, yet each in itself lays open an interesting view of consummate skill—a pleasing exhibition of divine goodness.

The tints which adorn the petals of a flower, and the delicate wings and body of an insect, may well bear the test of examination; and the finest and most delicate specimens of the pencil, in comparison of such, cannot but appear coarse and imperfect. The color, the frame, the texture, of the multifarious diversities of coloring for the brute creation, and the nice adaptation thereof to their natures, are so exquisite, as to outvie every attempt of art to rival them. Even the beautiful verdure which clothes our fields and

meadows, in its several varieties, is so replete with divine skill, that it has been frequently said, “a single blade of grass contains more than will ever be discovered by the most patient and minute investigator.” Nature, while she sports in her wildest vagaries, is never inconsistent. All her works, though surprisingly diverse, are yet not less regular; and while beautiful to the eye, they will bear no less extraordinary investigation.

The modern discovery of the microscope has unfolded the hidden beauties of nature in a manner never before known. Unexpected wonders have been by this laid before our eyes. Specimens of nature have been brought to light, which were before unknown, and unthought of; and not only so, but we have been enabled to become better acquainted with whatever was before known. Subject, then, the most delightful productions of nature to microscopic observation, and, notwithstanding the magnitude to which it is thereby increased, its finest parts will appear not more blunt or less elegant: but let any of the works of art, however fine in their workmanship, be put to a similar test, and they will lose all the beauty and skill with which, to the naked eye, they seemed invested, and appear unsightly, and unworthy of attention.

Among the many mechanical inventions of men, none, however perfect and regular, can ever equal the extensive and admirable mechanism which constitutes the frame of man. Here, amidst the vast diversity of bones, and muscles, sinews, veins, and other apparatus of this machine, all is in the most positive and valuable harmony, each part being adapted to the other, and in systematic and perfect operation.

Thirdly; *in their variety, extent, and utility*, the works of nature excel those of art. It is really astonishing to behold the vast diversity which prevails in the grand system of animal and vegetable nature, both in the number, peculiarities and properties of its subjects. It is calculated, that

there are at present known between four and five hundred species of land animals, six hundred of birds, of fish five thousand, and of insects it may safely be concluded nearly two hundred thousand. Exclusive of these, there are doubtless a vast number of the brute creation, which are unknown to man. Of plants, it is not improbable, that their number would almost defy the powers of calculation. Every thing in nature partakes of this amazing variety; and to direct our attention to the heavens alone, would be a decisive proof, that her works are indeed incomparable and multitudinous.

The works of man, diverse as they may be, cannot, in any degree, equal those of nature. It is recorded of a certain ancient artist, that he carved figures of animals in ivory with the most exquisite skill, and of which an astonishing number might be contained in a very contracted space: but what shall we say, when not less than a million of animalculæ may be held on the point of a needle, and to which a spoonful of water is, as it were, an unbounded ocean! What shall we say, when an incalculable number of insects, all perfectly and delightfully formed, invisible to the naked eye, roam and sport over the leaves of plants and trees, as in a spacious meadow! Surely these display skill more than human; wisdom of more than earthly mould.

But what constitutes, in no small degree, the superexcellence of the works of the great framer of all things, is, their *general utility*. The most beautiful productions of art are mostly those which are only calculated to please and captivate—to which the epithet of *elegant* may be appended, rather than that of *useful*: whereas in the system of nature there is not a plant or animal, or any inanimate substance, but is of some service in the great plan, and performs some function devolving upon it, however more or less indirectly. One is adapted to the support and nourishment of the other:—this, tends to the benefit of man in a more positive degree; that, in a less

ostensible, but not less certain manner.

The works of nature claim to themselves unquestionable preëminence, fourthly, in *their durability*. Turn once more to the orbs of heaven, and see with what uniform regularity they have performed their revolutions, from the period when they were called into existence by the Divine fiat—and still perform them, without the least diminution of efficacy, or irregularity. Very many of the other works of nature have remained with equal perfection, from the moment of their creation to the present. And even all the animal and vegetable tribes, notwithstanding they decay and die at stated and regular periods, may be said to have endured from the beginning; since they have been, and still are, continually reproduced in succession: and thus, one continued series exists, and the animal world is ever replenished. But it is too true, that mutability and corruptibility are inseparable from the works of man; they, like himself, are frail, and a few fleeting years are sufficient to mar their beauty, and spoil their excellence. The most ancient relics of art we possess, are frequently so mutilated and defaced by the consuming hand of time, as to become valuable, not for the skill exhibited in their workmanship, but solely on account of their antiquity. Nature's works, however, are always blooming, are always beautiful in themselves.

Nature, in many of her operations—if at any time she appears to advance in age, may be said to renew her youth; she frequently seems to undergo, in her own system, a renovation, which gives a perpetuity to all her works: while the beautiful and costly works of man, notwithstanding the props and patchings they sometimes receive, eventually yield to time, whose breath completely scatters and destroys them.

The comparison might be carried further than in the four preceding particulars; but certainly where originality in design, beauty and perfection

in execution, variety, and utility, and durability, are combined in so eminent a degree, they must carry with them irrefragable proofs of a superior hand, and an infinitely larger portion of wisdom.

Nature has ever stood unrivalled—she must ever remain so. Her treasures have never been, and it is certain they never will be, exhausted. She pours forth her beauties and luxuriances with an unsparring and lavish hand, in every possible variety, to en-

gage the heart, to charm the ear, and to delight the eye. She will ever be sought after by the curious mind, and she will never disappoint the true admirer. Art, exalted and adorned as she certainly is, will ever look up to nature as her great original—as the beautifier of all her productions—as the charm of all her fascinations—the source of all her excellence. Art, when uncorrupted, will be content to follow nature, will delight to acknowledge her superiority.

A FAREWELL TO THE YEAR.

From the Spanish of L. Baylon.

HARK, friends, it strikes: the year's last hour:

A solemn sound to hear:

Come, fill the cup, and let us pour

Our blessing on the parting year.

The years that were, the dim, the gray,

Receive this night, with choral hymn,

A sister shade as lost as they.

And soon to be as gray and dim.

Fill high: she brought us both of woe and woe,

And nearer lies the land to which we go.

On, on, in one unwearied round

Old Time pursues his way:

Groves bud and blossom, and the ground

Expects in peace her yellow prey:

The oak's broad leaf, the rose's bloom,

Together fall, together lie;

And undistinguished in the tomb,

Howe'er they lived, are all that die.

Gold, beauty, knightly sword, and royal crown,

To the same sleep go shorn and withered down.

How short the rapid months appear

Since round this board we met

To welcome in the infant year,

Whose star hath now for ever set!

Alas, as round this board I look,

I think on more than I behold,

For glossy curls in gladness shook

That night, that now are damp and cold.

For us no more those lovely eyes shall shine,

Peace to her slumbers! drown your tears in wine.

Thank Heaven, no seer nublent am I,

Before the time to tell,

When moons as brief once more go by,

For whom this cup again shall swell.

The hoary mower strides apace,

Nor crops alone the ripened ear;

And we may miss the merriest face

Among us, 'gainst another year.

Whoe'er survive, be kind as we have been,

And think of friends that sleep beneath the green.

Nay, droop not: being is not breath;

'Tis fate that friends must part,

But God will bless in life, in death,

The noble soul, the gentle heart.

So deeds be just and words be true,

We need not shrink from Nature's rule;

The tomb, so dark to mortal view,

Is heaven's own blessed vestibule;

And solemn, but not sad, this cup should flow,

Though nearer lies the land to which we go.

NOLLEKENS AND HIS TIMES.*

WE will not occupy room with prefatory remarks on this very amusing work, which may be much more agreeably devoted to the illustration of our author. Simply premising, therefore, that we have not been more entertain-

ed since the days of Boswell's Johnson than we have been with Mr. Smith's desultory, rambling, topographical, and anecdotal miscellany of every thing which could interest a literary gossip during half a century,

* Nollekens and his Times: comprehending a Life of that celebrated Sculptor, &c. &c. By John Thomas Smith, Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1828.

with a few years to boot, we shall proceed at once to communicate a part of our pleasure to our readers.

Mr. Smith was for three years a pupil of Nollekens, an acquaintance of nearly sixty years' duration, and one of his executors; so that he was well fitted for the task he has here discharged. Nollekens himself was the son of an indifferent painter (originally from Antwerp), born in England in 1737, a Roman Catholic in the little religion he professed, and for ten years a student under Scheemakers. In early life he obtained several premiums for models from the Society of Arts; and in 1760 went to Rome. Here he wrought, and among other productions acquired fame and emolument from busts which he made of Garrick and Sterne; and about this period we find the following records:

"Whilst Mr. Nollekens was at Rome, he was recognised by Mr. Garrick with the familiar exclamation of, 'What! let me look at you! are you the little fellow to whom we gave the prizes at the Society of Arts?' 'Yes, sir,' being the answer, Mr. G. invited him to breakfast the next morning, and kindly sat to him for his bust, for which he paid him 12*l.* 12*s.*; and I have not only often heard Mr. Nollekens affirm that the payment was made in 'gold,' but that this was the first busto he ever modelled. Sterne also sat to him when at Rome; and that bust brought him into great notice. With this performance Nollekens continued to be pleased even to his second childhood, and often mentioned a picture which Dance had made of him leaning upon Sterne's head. During his residence in Italy he gained the Pope's gold medal for a basso-relievo. Barry, the historical painter, who was extremely intimate with Nollekens at Rome, took the liberty one night, when they were about to leave the English coffee-house, to exchange hats with him; Barry's was edged with lace, and Nollekens's was a very shabby plain one. Upon his returning the hat the next morning, he was requested by Nollekens to let him

know why he left him his gold-laced hat. 'Why, to tell you the truth, my dear Joey,' answered Barry, 'I fully expected assassination last night: and I was to have been known by my laced hat.' This villainous transaction, which might have proved fatal to Nollekens, I have often heard him relate; and he generally added, 'It's what the Old Bailey people would call a true bill against Jem.' * * *

"The patrons of Nollekens, being characters professing taste and possessing wealth, employed him as a very shrewd collector of antique fragments; some of which he bought on his own account; and, after he had dexterously restored them with heads and limbs, he stained them with tobacco-water, and sold them, sometimes by way of favor, for enormous sums. My old friend, Mr. George Arnald, A. R. A., favored me with the following anecdote, which he received immediately from Mr. Nollekens, concerning some of these fragments. Jenkins, a notorious dealer in antiques and old pictures, who resided at Rome for that purpose, had been commissioned by Mr. Locke of Norbury Park, to send him any piece of sculpture which he thought might suit him, at a price not exceeding one hundred guineas; but Mr. Locke, immediately upon the receipt of a head of Minerva, which he did not like, sent it back again, paying the carriage and all other expenses. Nollekens, who was then also a resident in Rome, having purchased a trunk of a Minerva for fifty pounds, found, upon the return of this head, that its proportion and character accorded with his torso. This discovery induced him to accept an offer made by Jenkins of the head itself; and two hundred and twenty guineas to share the profits. After Nollekens had made it up into a figure, or, what is called by the venders of botched antiques, 'restored it,' which he did at the expense of about twenty guineas more for stone and labor, it proved a most fortunate hit, for they sold it for the enormous sum of *one thousand guineas!* and it is now

at Newby in Yorkshire. The late celebrated Charles Townley and the late Henry Blundell, Esqrs. were two of his principal customers for antiques. Mr. Nollekens was likewise an indefatigable inquirer after terracottas, executed by the most celebrated sculptors, Michael Angelo, John di Bologna, Fiamingo, &c. The best of these he reserved for himself until the day of his death. The late Earl of Besborough and the late Lord Selsey were much attached to Mr. Nollekens at this time,—but his greatest friend was the late Lord Yarborough. For that nobleman he executed many very considerable works in marble, for which he received most liberal and immediate payment. Nollekens, who wished upon all occasions to save every shilling he possibly could, was successful in another manœuvre. He actually succeeded as a smuggler of silk stockings, gloves, and lace; his contrivance was truly ingenious, and perhaps it was the first time that the custom-house officers had ever been so taken in. His method was this: all his plaster busts being hollow, he stuffed them full of the above articles, and then spread an outside coating of plaster at the back across the shoulders of each, so that the busts appeared like solid casts.—His mode of living when at Rome was most filthy: he had an old woman, who, as he stated, ‘did for him,’ and she was so good a cook, that she would often give him a dish for dinner, which cost him no more than three-pence. ‘Nearly opposite to my lodgings,’ he said, ‘there lived a pork-butcher, who put out at his door at the end of the week a plateful of what he called cuttings, bits of skin, bits of gristle, and bits of fat, which he sold for two-pence, and my old lady dished them up with a little pepper and a little salt; and with a slice of bread, and sometimes a bit of vegetable, I made a very nice dinner.’ Whenever good dinners were mentioned, he was sure to say, ‘Ay, I never tasted a better dish than my Roman cuttings.’ By this time, the name of Nollekens was pretty well known on the Stock

Exchange in London, as a holder to a considerable amount.”

In 1771, engaged by such rascally pursuits, he was elected an associate, and in the following year a royal academician; and his practice in London increased to the utmost extent. He then married a Miss Welch (daughter of Justice Welch, and the Pekuah in *Rasselas*); an admirable match, if penuriousness and selfish wretchedness could make a match admirable. He was not surpassed by Elwes himself; and of her likeness, praised be the sex! we never read of a sufficiently miserly prototype.

“During the time (says his biographer) I was with him, he now and then gave a dinner, particularly when his steadfast friend Lord Yarborough, then the Hon. Mr. Pelham, sent his annual present of venison; and it is most surprising to consider how many persons of good sense and high talent visited Mrs. Nollekens, though it probably was principally owing to the good character her father and sister held in society. Dr. Johnson and Miss Williams were often there, and they generally arrived in a hackney-coach, on account of Miss Williams’s blindness. When the doctor sat to Mr. Nollekens for his bust, he was very much displeased at the manner in which the head had been loaded with hair, which the sculptor insisted upon, as it made him look more like an ancient poet. The sittings were not very favorable, which rather vexed the artist, who, upon opening the street-door, a vulgarity he was addicted to, peevishly whined—‘Now, doctor, you *did* say you would give my busto half an hour before dinner, and the dinner has been waiting this long time.’ ‘To which the doctor’s reply was, ‘Bow-wow-wow!’ The bust is a wonderfully fine one, and very like, but certainly the sort of hair is objectionable; having been modelled from the flowing locks of a sturdy Irish beggar, originally a street pavior, who, after he had sat an hour, refused to take a shilling, stating that he could have made more by begging! Doctor Johnson also considered this

bust like him ; but, whilst he acknowledged the sculptor's ability in his art, he could not avoid observing to his friend Boswell, when they were looking at it in Nollekens's studio, ' It is amazing what ignorance of certain points one sometimes finds in men of eminence : ' though, from want of knowing the sculptor, a visitor, when viewing his studio, was heard to say, ' What a mind the man must have from whom all these emanated ! ' "

" His singular and parsimonious habits were most observable in his domestic life. Coals were articles of great consideration with Mr. Nollekens ; and these he so rigidly economised, that they were always sent early, before his men came to work, in order that he might have leisure time for counting the sacks, and disposing of the large coals in what was originally designed by the builder of his house for a wine-cellar, so that he might lock them up for parlor use. Candles were never lighted at the commencement of the evening ; and whenever they heard a knock at the door, they would wait until they heard a second rap, lest the first should have been a runaway and their candle wasted. Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens used a flat candlestick when there was any thing to be done ; and I have been assured that a pair of moulds, by being well nursed, and put out when company went away, once lasted them a whole year ! "

" My old school-fellow, Smith, the grocer, of Margaret-street, has been frequently heard to declare, that whenever Mrs. Nollekens purchased tea and sugar at his father's shop, she always requested, just at the moment she was quitting the counter, to have either a clove or a bit of cinnamon, to take some unpleasant taste out of her mouth ; but she never was seen to apply it to the part so affected ; so that, with Nollekens's nutmegs, which he pocketed from the table at the Academy dinners, they contrived to accumulate a little stock of spices, without any expense whatever. "

" He for many years made one at

the table of what was at this time called the Royal Academy Club ; and so strongly was he bent upon saving all he could privately conceal, that he did not mind paying two guineas a-year for his admission ticket, in order to indulge himself with a few nutmegs, which he contrived to pocket privately ; for as red-wine negus was the principal beverage, nutmegs were used. Now it generally happened, if another bowl was wanted, that the nutmegs were missing. Nollekens, who had frequently been seen to pocket them, was one day requested by Rossi, the sculptor, to see if they had not fallen under the table ; upon which Nollekens actually went crawling beneath upon his hands and knees, pretending to look for them, though at that very time they were in his waistcoat pocket. He was so old a stager at this monopoly of nutmegs, that he would sometimes engage the maker of the negus in conversation, looking at him full in the face, whilst he slyly, and unobserved as he thought, conveyed away the spice : like the fellow who is stealing the bank note from the blind man in that admirable print of the Royal Cock-pit, by Hogarth.—I believe it is generally considered, that those who are miserly in their own houses, almost to a state of starvation, when they visit their friends or dine in public, but particularly when they are travelling, and know that they will be called upon with a pretty long bill, —lay in what they call a good stock of every thing, or of all the good things the landlord thinks proper to spread before them. This was certainly the case with Nollekens when he visited Harrowgate, in order to take the water for his diseased mouth. He informed his wife that he took three half-pints of water at a time, and as he knew the bills would be pretty large at the inn, he was determined to indulge in the good things of this world ; so that one day he managed to get through ' a nice roast chicken, with two nice tarts and some nice jellies. ' Another day he took nearly two pounds of venison, the fat of which

was at least 'two inches thick;' at breakfast he always managed two muffins, and got through a plate of toast; and he took good care to put a French roll in his pocket, for fear he should find himself hungry when he was walking on the common by himself."

Mrs. Nollekens appears to have been one of the most unamiable women that ever existed. Take the following as an example out of many: "At the corner of her house there was a small part of the street railed in, on which she gave a poor woman leave to place a table with a few apples for sale upon a bit of an old napkin. To this miserably-hooded widow she was seen to go, when she intended to treat the family with a dumpling, with the question of 'Pray, Goody, how many apples can you let me have for a penny?' 'Bless your kindness! you shall have three.' 'Three!' exclaimed the lady, smiling, 'no, you must let me have four;' and touching her left thumb with the forefinger of her right hand, she continued, 'for there's my husband, myself, and two servants, and we must have one a-piece.' 'Well,' observed the miserable dependent, '*you* must take them.'"

"With the drapery of the bust of George III., Nollekens had more anxiety and trouble than with any of his other productions: he assured Mr. Joseph, the Associate of the Royal Academy, that after throwing the cloth once or twice every day for nearly a fortnight, it came excellently well, by mere chance, from the following circumstance. Just as he was about to make another trial with his drapery, his servant came to him for money for butter; he threw the cloth carelessly over the shoulders of his lay-man, in order to give her the money, when he was forcibly struck with the beautiful manner in which the folds had fallen; and he hastily exclaimed, pushing her away, 'Go, go, get the butter.' And he has frequently been heard to say, that that drapery

was by far the best he ever cast for a busto."

"To prove the wonderfully sagacious and retentive memory of Mrs. Garrick's little dog Biddy, and how much it must have noticed its master when rehearsing his parts at home, I shall give (says Mr. S.) the following most extraordinary anecdote, as nearly as I can, in the manner in which Mrs. Garrick related it to me a short time before her death. 'One evening, after Mr. Garrick and I were seated in our box at Drury-lane Theatre, he said, Surely there is something wrong on the stage, and added, he would go and see what it was. Shortly after this, when the curtain was drawn up, I saw a person come forward to speak a new prologue, in the dress of a country bumpkin, whose features seemed new to me; and whilst I was wondering who it could possibly be, I felt my little dog's tail wag, for he was seated in my lap, his usual place at the theatre, looking towards the stage. 'Aha!' said I, 'what, do you know him? is it your master? then you have seen him practise his part?'"

"During my long intimacy with Mr. Nollekens, I never once heard him mention the name of the sweetest bard that ever sang, from whose luxuriant garden most artists have gathered their choicest flowers. To the beauties of the immortal Shakspeare he was absolutely insensible, nor did he ever visit the theatre when his plays were performed; though he was actively alive to a pantomime, and frequently spake of the capital and curious tricks in Harlequin Sorcerer. He also recollected with pleasure Mr. Rich's wonderful and singular power of scratching his ear with his foot like a dog; and the street-exhibition of Punch and his wife delighted him beyond expression. * * *

"Miss Welch brought down upon herself his eternal hatred, by kindly venturing to improve him in his spelling. She was a friendly and benevolent woman; and I am indebted to her

and the amiable Mrs. Barker for many acts of kindness during the time I was laboring under a tremendous loss by fire. One evening, when I was drinking tea with her at her lodgings, she showed me a little book in which she had put down Mr. Nollekens's way of spelling words in 1780, with the manner in which they should be written. I copied a few of them with her permission, which, I must say, she gave me with some reluctance, notwithstanding she disliked Nollekens most cordially, though they were both Catholics."

"Mr. Nollekens, when modelling the statue of Pitt, for the Senate House, Cambridge, threw his drapery over his man Dodimy, who after standing in an immovable position for the unconscionable space of two hours, had permission to come down and rest himself; but the poor fellow found himself so stiff, that he could not move. 'What!' exclaimed Nollekens, 'can't you move yourself? then you had better stop a bit.' I am sorry to say there are other artists who go on painting with as little compassion for their models.—Mr. Arminger has declared that, in eating, nothing

could exceed the meanness of Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens; for whenever they had a present of a leveret, which they always called a hare, they contrived, by splitting it, to make it last for two dinners for four persons. The one half was roasted, and the other juggled."

"In the year 1817, in the 74th year of her age, his congenial partner was taken away from the light of the 'sun of her life,' as she termed her husband, and the disconsolate Nollekens 'soon sported two mould candles instead of one; took wine oftener; sat up later; laid in bed longer, and would, though it made no change whatever in his coarse manner of feeding, frequently ask his morning visitor to dine with him: and I have been informed that the late Rev. Thomas Kerrick, Principal Librarian of the University Library of Cambridge, to my very great astonishment, had stomach enough to partake of one of his repasts. As for my part, his viands were so dirtily cooked with half melted butter, mountains high of flour, and his habits of eating so filthy, that he never could prevail upon me to sicken myself at any one of his feasts."

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

BY THOMAS HOOD, AUTHOR OF "WHIMS AND ODDITIES."

[The late Admiral Burney went to school at an establishment where the unhappy Eugene Aram was usher subsequent to his crime. The admiral stated, that Aram was generally liked by the boys; and that he used to discourse with them about *murder*, in somewhat of the spirit which is attributed to him in this poem.]

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four and twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran and some that leapt
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside;
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eye'd.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fix'd the brazen hasp:
"O God, could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And, lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book!

"My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"

The young boy gave an upward glance,—
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talk'd with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upwards from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Wo, wo, unutterable wo—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder in a dream!

One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old:
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done!
There was nothing lying at my foot,
But lifeless flesh and bone!

Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I fear'd him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!

And, lo! the universal air
Seem'd fit with ghastly flame,—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes

Were looking down in blame;
I took the dead man by the hand,
And call'd upon his name!

Oh God, it made me quite to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touch'd the lifeless clay,
The blood gush'd out again!
For every clot, a burning spot,
Was scorching in my brain!

My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the Devil's price:
A dozen times I groan'd; the dead
Had never groan'd but twice!

And now from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:—
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!'

I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme.
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!

Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands
And wash'd my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young
That evening in the school!

Oh heaven, to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn:
Like a devil of the pit I seem'd,
'Mid holy cherubim!

And peace went with them one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!

All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep:
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep!

All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That rack'd me all the time,—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

One stern, tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave!

Heavily I rose up,—as soon

As light was in the sky,—
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye ;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry !

Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing ;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing :
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran,—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began :
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murder'd man !

And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where ;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there :
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare !

Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one

That earth refused to keep ;
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep !

So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones !
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones !

Oh God, that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake !
Again—again, with a dizzy brain,
The human life I take ;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow ;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now !—
The fearful boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow !

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist ;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR IN VIENNA.

To "welcome the coming, speed the parting guest," is so universal an instinct among the human race, that it can lead us to rejoice over the loss of an integral portion of our very existence, and to hail the dawning sun of a new year, forgetful that its main object is to light the pilgrims of the earth "their way to dusty death."

In London, thanks to parliaments and fox-hunters, who have introduced a *new style* into the fashionable calendar, New Year's Day is left to mere plebeian celebration ; but, on the continent, it still remains the first signal for the renewal of social intercourse,—the harbinger of the gaieties of the Carnival,—the rallying point for dismembered families. Under its magnetic influence, the absent return,—the frugal wax generous,—the reserved open their hearts and their houses ! Woe to the female form which does not on that day prove the powers of some new adornment,—and woe to the *soupirant* who neglects the occasion of doing rich and fitting homage

to its antecedent attractions ! *L'ami de la maison* who wishes to secure himself an appetizing perspective of future dinners, must not omit to repay the luxuries of the past by an *à compte* of sugar plums and gilt paper on the eventful day "*à Strenna consacré* ;" and the "step-dames and dowagers, who wither out a young man's revenue" by their obstinate adherence to the possession of many happy new years, must be duly propitiated by liberal sacrifices on the very altar which renders their worship hateful.

I have more than once witnessed the excitement produced in France by the arrival of *le jour des étrennes*. I have seen elderly gentlemen in full costume,—buckles, silk stockings, and pigtails,—simper the livelong day from house to house, with the *cornet et compliment d'usage*. I have seen *bon-bons* distributed in the service, and under the influence of every passion ; for love, vanity and ambition, contribute in equal shares to the *débit* of the *Rue des Lombards*.

But the acknowledged, the almost boasted levity of the French character, renders these inconsistencies a matter of little marvel. Among the Germans,—the sober, undemonstrative, deliberate Germans,—I was surprised to find the *Neu Jahr* a festival of equal importance, and commemorated with almost equal frivolity. Anxious to note every variation of popular character, I mingled on the last day of the year with the idlers of the *Graben*, which is the Bond-street or *Rue Vivienne* of Vienna.

What cheerful faces met me at every step! What a gay appearance every shop had assumed to entice the wary and to ruin the generous! The porcelain, rivalling that of Sévres,—the millinery, affecting to be an importation from the banks of the Seine,—the varnished wares of Nuremberg,—the delicate carvings of Berchtoldsgaden,—the lackered saints of Augsburg, enchased in fillagree,—put forth in turn their daintiest allurements. It appeared, however, to my casual observation, that the character of the purchasers,—of the frequenters of the *galanterie* shops, differed materially from that of the *courreurs des boutiques* in Paris. There is more frankness, more simple plain-dealing worthiness, more *loyauté*, about an untravelled German, than I have found in the native of any other continental country; and the spirit which dictated such purchases as fell under my observation was, without exception, that of affectionate good will. The utility of the objects selected,—the taste of the intended possessor, were consulted in preference to that passion for display which is so generally-actuating a motive with the French.

I will not certify, however, that colored paper and gilding,—*ormoulu* and mother-of-pearl,—wreaths of Lilliputian roses,—comestibles of *papier-maché*, and fruit of plaster of Paris, not intended to be *maché* at all,—had not their share of amateurs. But the crowd was more than equally distributed in the *Niederlagen* of the vendors of *Meerschäum* pipes, whose tran-

sient and dazzling brightness might still farther tax the well-worn simile of maiden fame,—where the rich amber tubes, studded with blue enamel, afford objects of no niggardly interest. Bohemian pearls, whose size and lustre compensate for their want of oriental regularity,—garnets from the same rich land,—opals, chrysophrases and turquoises from Hungary, as well as the glittering topazes of Silesia, were not less in request. The eternal almanacs of every literary city or village of the empire—(*où diable les belles-lettres vont-elles se nicher!*)—*Uranias*, *Mnemosynes*, *Auroras*, appeared to attract only the *petite-maitresse* and the setimental university-student; while the painted cards exhibited in thousands in the same shops, whose transpositions usually illustrate some far-fetched specimen of German pleasantry, afford a cheap resource to those economists whose friends are enriched with a numerous offspring.

To myself, as a stranger in the land, the purchasers themselves were objects of stronger interest than those articles heaped before them on the counters. On that day, all ranks became inevitably united. The high and puissant Princess of Hungary, preceded by a gorgeous Heiduke, descends from a splendid carriage, of which the coachman is enveloped in the richest furs of Siberia, and the hussar behind is glittering with embroidery, at the door of the same warehouse to which the simple *Bauer-mädchen*, the peasant-girl of the *Wiener-wald*, clad in an ample scarlet petticoat and towering gold cap, brings her well-hoarded florin. In the strife between extortion and frugality, you hear the guttural *patois* of the Faubourg contrasted with the mincing affectation of the Saxon dialect; nay,—for Austria extends her “leaden mace” over many tongues and many nations,—you may hear on one side the softest accents of the *lingua Toscana*, and on the other the less polished, but equally musical language of Slavonia. The dark-browed Jew in his furry tunic, apparently escaped

from one of Rembrandt's pictures, mingles with the excited crowd in hopes of securing a bargain; the Greek's high cap is seen above the sea of heads; and the scowling Turk turns hastily away as the plan of Navarin greets him among the splendid engravings in Artaria's window.—There, too, stands the chartered mendicant—the wild Slavack from the mountains, with his coarse but picturesque white woollen draperies, and his long matted hair escaping from under his broad-flapped hat; who, despite his wretchedness, looks down with scorn upon the ragged *Zingaro*, the Paria of Hungary, whose appeal to the charity of passengers is as loud and fervent as starvation can make it.

These, however, are objects which may be found on the same spot every day in the year; it is only on the *last*, that a spirit of universal animation sparkles upon every countenance, and heightens every voice into exclamation. The murmur of the crowded street deepens till it resembles the roar of a stormy sea; and the loud laugh of the merry girl, who is coaxing a parsimonious grandmother at my side, becomes lost in the general confusion. To escape from the din of

the motley throng, I direct my steps towards the now deserted bastions.

How unexpected—how glorious a spectacle, greets me on my ascent! The last sun of 1827 is setting clear and brilliant, and magnificent as a king who abdicates his throne in the splendor of his pride. The Vienne is pouring its tributary waters into the Danube like a stream of radiant lava. The cupola of St. Carl looks like a crown of glory, and the numerous spires of the *Vorstadt* seem tipped with fire. Beyond, the distant mountains, receding far in the horizon, appear obscured by a veil of gold; and, over all, the glowing sky shines as though half its secret glories were revealed for a moment!

But those mountains, melting in the clouds,—that mighty stream, which flows at their feet,—yonder busy crowd, stretching far away in the distance,—they are not of my country, they are not of my race! Their waters are waters of bitterness to me; and “I have no part in them or theirs.” But why should I speak of this?—To-day is a season of rejoicing; and those who have words of grief or wisdom to unfold, must speak with a *still small voice*, or defer them for a time.

THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

“There is nothing in the wide world so like the voice of a spirit.”—GRAY'S LETTERS.

On! many a voice is thine, thou Wind! fall many a voice is thine,
From every scene thy wing o'ersweeps, thou bear'st a sound and sign.
A minstrel wild, and strong thou art, with a mastery all thine own;
And the Spirit is thy harp, O Wind! that gives the answering tone.

Thou hast been across red fields of war, where shiver'd helmets lie,
And thou bringest thence the thrilling note of a Clarion in the sky;
A rustling of proud banner-folds, a peal of stormy drums—
All these are in thy music met, as when a leader comes.

Thou hast been o'er solitary seas, and from their wastes brought back
Each noise of waters that awoke in the mystery of thy track;
The chime of low soft southern waves on some green palmy shore,
The hollow roll of distant surge, the gather'd billows' roar.

Thou art come from forests dark and deep, thou mighty rushing Wind!
And thou hearest all their unisons in one full swell combined;
The restless pines, the moaning stream, all hidden things and free,
Of the dim old sounding wilderness, have lent their soul to thee.

Thou art come from cities lighted up for the conqueror passing by,
Thou art wafting from their streets a sound of haughty revelry ;
The rolling of triumphant wheels, the harpings in the hall,
The far-off shout of multitudes, are in thy rise and fall.

Thou art come from kingly tombs and shrines, from ancient minsters vast,
Through the dark aisles of a thousand years thy lonely wing hath pass'd ;
Thou hast caught the Anthem's billowy swell, the stately Dirge's tone,
For a Chief with sword, and shield, and helm, to his place of slumber gone.

Thou art come from long-forsaken homes, wherein our young days flew,
Thou hast found sweet voices lingering there, the loved, the kind, the true ;
Thou callest back those melodies, though now all changed and fled—
Be still, be still, and haunt us not with music from the dead !

Are all these notes in *thee*, wild Wind ? these many notes in *thee* ?
Far in our own unfathom'd souls their fount must surely be ;
Yes ! buried but not unsleeping *there*, Thought watches, Memory lies,
From whose deep Urn the tones are pour'd through all earth's harmonies !

THE "ANNUALS" FOR 1829.

THE ANNUALS !—The Forget me Not !—The Friendship's Offering !!
—The Anniversary !!!—The Amulet !!!!—The Winter's Wreath !!!!!
—The Literary Souvenir !!!!!—Is it possible !—Complete ! "fresh as a bridegroom"—glittering in green and gold, and purple, and puce leather, and pea-green cases.—Heavens ! are Christmas and New Year's Day come again with their gifts and their greetings.

Ackermann deserves the thanks of his country for the introduction of what we now familiarly call the *Annuals* ; and it is only a marvel that the German and French almanacs had not earlier set us upon their imitation. But why talk about Ackermann having the thanks of his country ? He sells ten thousand of his book, and in that circumstance he will find abundant reward for his enterprising perseverance.

The "Forget me Not" was first published by Mr. Ackermann, in 1823. The "Friendship's Offering" came out next, in 1824. Mr. Watts's "Literary Souvenir" appeared in 1825, and the "Amulet" in 1826. After these there was a pause of two years, until 1828, when the "Bijou" and "Keepsake" appeared, and for the coming year, 1829, two more, viz. the "Anniversary" and "Gem," are announced.

The "Forget me Not," elegant as its embellishments are, does not excel its preceding volumes, and in the literary part, as respects the poetry, falls short of them. Two or three years ago the plates in the present volume would have been deemed the perfection of art ; but emulation has been excited, and Mr. Ackermann must not lie on his oars. As he was the master of the ceremonies, and introduced these publications, we would fain see him head the race. We cannot agree in the remark in the preface, "that the present volume has a decided literary preëminence," nor that it surpasses those of preceding years. James Montgomery, Hemans, Delta, Hogg, Barry Cornwall, all so well known and valued by the public, are here, but not in their Sunday dress. The poetry is decidedly inferior, and a great deal of it bad. The prose is better. One or two pieces are superior, and furnish a pleasant treat to the reader.

The "Friendship's Offering" of this year is much superior to the last, and the binding in leather is uncommonly handsome, indeed quite unique. Under its new editor, increased success is certain.

Mr. Watts's well-known and elegant "Souvenir" (like the last annual, edited by a poet) is this year excellent. In his engravings, Mr. Watts has surpassed any of his former volumes.

The poetry is of a superior order, as might be expected, and the prose is well sustained.

The "Amulet," the next in age, is this year also an improvement upon the preceding, though its literary contents are very variable in excellence. This work differs from all its brethren in its object, which will be best understood by its title of "Christian and Literary Remembrancer," being devoted to subjects more particularly of a moral and religious character. It is edited by Mr. S. C. Hall, with industry and discrimination. There is much serious poetry of great merit in this little volume, some by the editor himself, which the most fastidious as to religion and morals may peruse with high satisfaction. The embellishments have been well selected and are very finely executed, and the green silk binding looks uncommonly well.

The second volume of the "Bijou," published by Mr. Pickering, so well known for his elegant pocket editions of the most valuable works, has a character and appearance very distinct from the other Annuals. It is printed in a small type, and decorated with engravings of a peculiar character, for the most part on classical subjects of English history; it is an unobtrusive beautiful little work.

The "Keepsake," bound in crimson silk, at a guinea, being higher in price than the preceding Annuals, is put forth with great pretension. The plates are excellent, and fully support the high character of the engraver, Heath, who has executed ten of them himself.

The "Anniversary," like the "Keepsake" in size and price, is edited by that talented author and excellent man so well known to the public, Mr. Allan Cunningham. The plates, eighteen in number, are beautifully engraved, and rival those of the "Keepsake." Some of these are as fine specimens as art is capable of producing.

The "Gem," edited by the facetious Mr. T. Hood, is got up in a style of great elegance. The plates

are in number fourteen, not including the vignettes.

Not only is there a great improvement in the London Annuals this year, but a publication of the same class from the Liverpool press, "The Winter's Wreath," has this season so much improved, that it equals its metropolitan rivals in typography, and is uncommonly well got up.

Besides the foregoing Annuals, we have this year a series of juvenile publications, edited in a very superior manner, announcing a start in literary works for the young, commensurate with the intellectual progress of the age. The admirable logic taught in old school-book tales, such as that of the "Boys going to swim," who are flogged, some because they can, and others because they cannot swim, is dissipated for ever, and common sense, at length, obtains something like a mastery in tales for youth. These works are well got up. The contents show how well females and mothers understand the adaptation of ideas to children's capacities. We are truly happy to greet such works, in behalf of the hitherto insulted understandings of children.

The Annuals have done a great deal for the arts; and for that we are, perhaps, mainly indebted to one of Mr. Ackermann's rivals. Alaric Watts took advantage of the growing knowledge of the people in these matters; and thus, instead of giving them the same sprawling cherubim, which ladies had been gumming for twenty years upon their fire-screens, he boldly engraved some of the finest pictures of the modern school,—not in a slight, sketchy style, but with a truth and beauty, quite surprising upon so small a scale. Others have, perhaps, gone beyond him now in this excellence; for we are a luxurious public, and do not mind price in the purchase of the best thing in its line. It is a capital thing to have forty or fifty thousand of such plates as they now give us, scattered about the country, instead of the trashy prints in books which used to be miscaled embellishments.

On taking our leave of these beautiful publications, we cannot help holding them up as an example of that proud march of mind which the ignorant and bigoted deprecate, but which the man of talent and learning, whatever his creed or party, will, like the present Bishop of London, hail as great and glorious. We do not mean in respect alone to the excellence of the literary efforts they call into exertion, though these are not to be despised, nor to the aid to art which they afford so extensively, but to the incitement they will yield to thousands, whom their very elegances will entice to read, and study, to the displacement of some frivolous luxu-

ry, or childish bauble, and in whom they will awaken thought, and infuse a taste for mental gratification. We recommend the rich to form annually a library of them ALL; and every one, according to his means, to buy one or two of them. All should encourage what is both elegant and entertaining. For the summer walk, or the unoccupied five minutes which so frequently occur in life, they are admirably adapted as companions, and their crimson and green, or gold bindings, make them ornaments in the boudoir and drawing-room. We trust next year we shall find a further improvement in them, for nothing, in this age, must stand still.

ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF MISS EMILY KAY, (COUSIN TO MISS ELLEN GEE OF KEW,)

WHO LATELY DIED AT EWELL, AND WAS BURIED IN ESSEX.

SAD nymphs of UL, U have much to cry
for,

Sweet MLE K U never more shall C!

O SX maids! come hither, and VU,
With tearful I this MT LEG.

Without XS she did XL away—

Ah me! it truly vexes I 2 C

How soon so DR a creature may DK,
And only leave behind XUVÉ!

Whate'er I O to do she did discharge,
So that an NME it might NDR:—

Then Y an SA write? then why N?

Or with my briny tears her BR BDU?

When her Piano-40 she did press,

Such heavenly sounds did MNS, that she,
Knowing her Q, soon I U 2 confess
Her XLNC in an XTC.

Her hair was soft as silk, not YRE,
It gave no Q nor yet 2 P to view:

She was not handsome; shall I tell U Y?
U R 2 know her I was all SQ.

L 8 she was, and prattling like A J.

O, little MLE! did you 4 C

The grave should soon MUU, cold as clay,
And U should cease to B an N. TTT!

While taking T at Q with LN G,

The MT grate she rose to put a:

Her clothes caught fire—no I again shall C
Poor MLE, who now is dead as Solon.

O, LN G! in vain you set at O

GR and reproach for suffering her 2 B

Thus sacrificed: to JL U should be brought,
And burnt U O 2 B in FEG.

Sweet MLE K into SX they bore,

Taking good care her monument to Y 10,
And as her tomb was much 2 low B 4

They lately brought fresh bricks the walls
to I 10.

THE LATEST LONDON FASHIONS.

DINNER PARTY DRESS.

OVER a white satin slip is a dress of amber crape, with the border ornamented by two very full flounces, *en dents des lous*, which stand out, in large and stiffened flutings: alternating with each quill, or fluting, is a point fastened down close to the dress, giving to this trimming a truly novel

and unique effect. Next the shoe is a full wadded *rouleau* of amber satin; and the points and flutings of the flounces are edged with a narrow satin *rouleau*: above the upper flounce is an ornament consisting of oblique points, inclining towards the left side, formed of narrow satin *rouleaux*, in outline. The body is quite plain, and tightly

fitting the shape : a very broad, falling tucker of blond, of a superb pattern, and set on full, surrounds the bust. The sleeves are short, and of white satin ; over these are long sleeves of plain *tulle*, *à la Marie*, confined round the centre of the thickest part of the arm, by an amber satin band ; and the wrist part of the sleeve is finished by a broad, pointed cuff of amber satin, the points edged round by narrow blond : a very broad bracelet of gold encircles the wrist, fastened by a large emerald, or a turquoise stone, set *à l'Antique*. The head-dress is a dress-hat of transparent crape, or stiffened net, of turquoise-blue ; though some ladies, whose complexions will admit of it, prefer having the hat of pistachio-green satin : whichever may be adopted, this becoming hat is profusely ornamented under the right side of the brim, which is elevated, with blond, in fan-flutings ; on the left side, which is brought down low, over the ear, is a rosette, at the edge of the brim, of white gauze brocaded ribbon, with ends. An ornament of satin, *en bateau*, the color of the hat, waves gracefully across the crown, in front, and the whole is finished by a superb plumage of white feathers. The necklace is of wrought gold, of light and elegant workmanship, formed in festoons, which are caught up by various-colored gems.

MORNING DRESS.

A petticoat of ethereal-blue *gros de Naples*, with two broad bias folds round the border, on which are raised ornaments, representing branches of palm-leaves. A *canezou*-spencer of cambric, trimmed down the front, and round the base of the waist with a *ruche* of thread *tulle* ; and surmounted at the throat by a very full quadruple ruff of the same material. The sleeves very wide, and *à la Marie*, with the fulness confined at equal distances. *Mancherons* of cambric, with a double quilling of *tulle*, ornament the sleeves at the shoulders. At the wrists are bracelets of broad black velvet, fastened with a gold buckle. A sash of

white satin ribbon encircles the waist. The hair is arranged in ringlets round the face, *en tirebouchons*, under a hat of Murrey-colored *gros de Naples*, ornamented with bows of the same colored ribbon, on which are hair-stripes in black : a few flowers, in *bouquets*, are slightly scattered over the crown ; they consist of blue convolvuluses and geraniums.

Explanation of the Print of the Fashions.

WALKING DRESS.

A DRESS of myrtle-green *gros de Naples*, with a very broad hem at the border ; vandyked at the head, and trimmed round the points with a full double *ruche* of the same material and color as the dress, pinked. The body made to fit tight to the shape, and bound round the waist with a zone pointed in front. Sleeves *à la Marie*, confined only by one band, at the thickest part of the arm, above the elbow : broad gauntlet cuff, with a row of very small buttons placed up it, on the outside of the arm. A pelérine of white sarcenet or *gros de Naples*, edged with a narrow *rouleau* of green, and near the throat is an ornament of beautiful embroidery in green. Beneath a French ruff of lace, tied round the throat, is a painted silk *sautoir*-cravat. The ground of this elegant appendage is pistachio-green, on which are admirably painted various flowers. The bonnet worn with this dress is of Navarin-brown, or, as is preferred by some ladies, of the same color as the dress. The crown is trimmed in front with two double folds, in bias, of the same color and material as the bonnet, with bows of myrtle-green ribbon. The bonnet ties with a bow on the right side. Half-boots of light-grey corded silk, with the tips of kid, and Woodstock gloves, complete this costume.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white satin, with a very broad hem round the border, headed by a narrow *rouleau* ; above which is

a full and splendid embroidery, embossed in floize silk. The body is *en gerbe*, with a pointed zone round the waist, embroidered in a similar manner with the border round the skirt. A very narrow tucker of blond surrounds the bust: the sleeves, short and very full, are of white crape, and are confined in the centre by a white satin band. The hair is arranged à

it is stated in *la Grecque*, and richly *olagne-sur-* with pink ears of corn, grouped ~~very~~ close, but very tastefully, together. The ear-pendants are *en girandoles*, formed of three turquoise stones of a pear shape: the necklace is of pearls, with a *girandole* ornament in the centre, of turquoise stones, to correspond with the ear-rings. A drapery scarf of pink silk is worn with the above dress.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

"Serene Philosophy!"

She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires,
That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of Science and of Virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear."

POTATO FARINA.

THE farina obtained from potatoes is now an article of commerce in Scotland, where very fine samples of it are brought to market. It is stated to be quite equal to genuine arrow-root, and is sold at about half the price of that preparation. Mixed with wheaten flour in the proportion of one-third, it is a great improvement to household bread, and is light of digestion. Sir John Sinclair's mode of preparing the farina is perhaps generally known; but the following short account of the process for domestic use may not be uninteresting. Into a pail of clean water place a fine colander or coarse sieve, so that it may be two inches in the water; grate the potatoes when pared into the colander, taking care from time to time to agitate the pulp in the colander, so that the farina may fall to the bottom of the pail. When the fibrous part which remains in the colander or sieve, has accumulated so as to impede the washing of the farina into the pail, remove it. About one gallon of potatoes is sufficient for a pail of water. After the water has remained in an undisturbed state for twelve hours, pour it off; the farina will be in a cake at the bottom. It is to be dried slowly before the fire, being rubbed occasionally between the hands to prevent its becoming lumpy; and it is then fit for

use. The French prepare an extract from the apple in the same way; but this is expensive, as the farinaceous part of the apple is very small.

CIDER.

Mr. Platt had a curious mode of making strong cider in America. In the month of January or February, he placed a number of hogsheds of cider upon stands out of doors. The frost turned to ice the upper part of the contents of the hogshed, and a tap drew off from the bottom the part which was not frozen. This was the spirituous part, and was as strong as the very strongest of beer that can be made. The frost had no power over this part; but the lighter part which was at the top it froze into ice. This, when thawed, was weak cider.

BULBOUS ROOTS.

In glasses filled with water, bulbous roots, such as the hyacinth, narcissus, and jonquil, are blown. The time to put them in is from September to November, and the earliest ones will begin blowing about Christmas. The glasses should be blue, as that color best suits the roots; put water enough in to cover the bulb one-third of the way up, less rather than more; let the water be soft, change it once a week, and put in a pinch of salt every time you change it. Keep the glasses

in a place moderately warm, and *near to the light*. A parlor window is a very common place for them, but is often too warm, and brings on the plants too early, and causes them to be weakly.

THE MOLE.

Does the mole see? Aristotle, and all the Greek philosophers, maintain that it does not; Galen, on the contrary, maintains that it does. The question has been reagitated in modern days. Naturalists discovered the eye; but as it was unprovided with an optic nerve, its capacity of vision was still doubted. It has, however, since been ascertained that the mole actually sees, and that it is enabled to do so by the aid of a particular nerve, of which it is exclusively possessed.

ANIMAL CHARCOAL.

Some years ago the newspapers gave an account of an establishment at Copenhagen, in which the charcoal made from bones was used with great success in the purification of common oils, whilst the gas that was generated served to light a great part of the

neighborhood. An establishment of this kind *is being formed* at Stockholm. It is said that the most rancid fish oils are made equal to the finest sperm oil by the use of this charcoal, and that in consequence of the profit resulting from its employment in that way, the gas which the bones give out in great abundance can be supplied at a much cheaper rate than the gas obtained from coals. It is rather singular that the experiment has not been tried in this country.

IMPROVEMENT OF CANDLES.

Steep the cotton wick in lime water, in which has been dissolved a considerable quantity of nitrate of potass, (chlorate of potass answers better, but is too expensive for common practice); and, by these means, a purer flame and superior light is secured, a more perfect combustion is ensured, snuffing is rendered nearly as superfluous as in wax candles, and the candles thus treated do not "run." The wicks must be thoroughly dry before the tallow is put to them.

Varieties. VARIETIES.

"Come, let us stray
Where Chance or Fancy leads our roving walk."

THE ALPINE HORN.

THE Alpine Horn is an instrument made of the bark of the cherry-tree, and like a speaking-trumpet, is used to convey sounds to a great distance. When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who inhabits the highest peak of those mountains, takes his horn, and cries with a loud voice, "Praised be the Lord." As soon as the neighboring shepherds hear him they leave their huts and repeat these words. The sounds are prolonged many minutes, while the echoes of the mountains, and grottoes of the rocks, repeat the name of God. Imagination cannot picture any thing more solemn, or sublime, than this scene. During the silence

that succeeds, the shepherds bend their knees, and pray in the open air, and then retire to their huts to rest. The sun-light gilding the tops of those stupendous mountains, upon which the blue vault of heaven seems to rest, the magnificent scenery around, and the voices of the shepherds sounding from rock to rock the praise of the Almighty, must fill the mind of every traveller with enthusiasm and awe.

TALLEYRAND.

This veteran politician recently lost three millions of livres by the failure of a Paris banker. He has still, however, more than 20,000*l.* sterling per annum left, most of which he spends in hospitality. In fact, his

life is represented as one round of pleasure and excitement. In his own hotel at Paris, he is constantly surrounded by his satellites; and, when he sojourns at his princely palace at Valency, he is attended by a host of visitors. Under these circumstances, it can be no matter of surprise, that the threatened "Memoirs of his eventful life" proceed but slowly.

TURKISH MEDALS.

The Sultan Mohammed is resorting to a somewhat unusual mode of stimulating the valor of his troops. He has ordered honorary medals to be conferred upon those who distinguish themselves in the present war against the Russians. These medals have for their device—"For valor." The Turks have hitherto shown an aversion to such distinctions. The order of the Crescent, instituted by Selim III., and conferred on Lord Nelson, could never be rendered popular in Turkey.

DANISH PERIODICALS.

The first periodical publication printed in Denmark, was in the year 1644, which was soon followed by many others, one of which was always in verse. There are now no less than eighty works of a similar nature, either daily, weekly, monthly, or quarterly; and of these seventy are in the Danish language.

IMPORTANT TO THE STUDIOUS.

Edmund Castell, one of the scholars of the seventeenth century, of whom England may be most justly proud, devoted his whole time and his eyesight to complete his *Lexicon Heptaglotton*—a most extraordinary monument of learning and industry. It is important, however, for scholars to know, that the regular application of eighteen hours a day, for seventeen years, did not so far impair his constitution as to prevent his reaching the advanced age of seventy-nine.

ADULATION.

Perhaps one of the finest specimens of base and impious servility on record,

is the speech which, it is stated in Bertrand's History of Boulogne-sur-Mer, was made by the prefect of the Pas-de-Calais to Napoleon, at the period when the latter was projecting the invasion of England, and had collected all kinds of materials for the attempt, viz: "God created *Buona-parte*, and then rested himself!"

CRANIOLOGY.

Philosophy is a very pleasant thing, and has various uses; one is, that it makes us laugh; and certainly there are no speculations in philosophy, that excite the risible faculties more than some of the serious stories related by fanciful philosophers. One man cannot think with the left side of his head; another, with the sanity of the right side judges the insanity of the left side of his head. Zimmerman, a very grave man, used to draw conclusions as to a man's temperament, from his *nose*!—not from the size or form of it, but the peculiar sensibility of the organ; while some have thought, that the temperature of the atmosphere might be accurately ascertained by the state of its tip! and Cardan considered *acuteness of the organ* a sure proof of genius!

LYING.

A Dutch ambassador, entertaining the king of Siam with an account of Holland, about which his majesty was very inquisitive, amongst other things told him, that water in his country would sometimes get so hard that men walked upon it; and that it would bear an elephant with the utmost ease. To which the king replied, "Hitherto I have believed the strange things you have told me, because I looked upon you as a sober, fair man; but now *I am sure you lie.*"

ORIENTAL RHODOMONTADE.

When his innumerable armies marched, the heavens were so filled with the dust of their feet, that the birds of the air could rest thereupon. His elephants moved like walking mountains; and the earth,

oppressed by their weight, mouldered into dust, and found refuge in the peaceful heaven.

CHINESE PRIDE.

The Chinese are said to divide the human race into men, women, and Chinese.

ROSINI'S MOISE.

Dr. Cottugno, the principal physician at Naples, told me, at the time of the extraordinary success of Rosini's Moise, that he had more than forty cases of brain fever, or of violent convulsions, with which young females dotingly fond of music were seized, chiefly caused by the superb change of tone in the prayer of the Hebrews in the third act.

HUBERT POOT, THE DUTCH POET.

Hubert Poot, of Delft, was the son of a peasant, who, although he had no education, and little or no reading, became the author of Dutch Pastoral and Elegy. He never allowed his passion for making verses to interrupt his duty as a day-laborer, and is said to have sold his watch, shoe-buckles, and ring, to purchase books, deeming the former luxuries—the latter, necessities.

SILVER BOOKS.

In the library of Upsal, in Sweden, there is preserved a translation of the Four Gospels, printed with hot metal types, upon violet-colored vellum. The letters are silver, and hence it has received the name of *Codex Argentea*. The initial letters are in gold. It is supposed that the whole was printed in the same manner as bookbinders letter the titles of books on the backs. It was a very near approach to the discovery of the art of printing; but it is not known how old it is.

NAVAL ECONOMY.

At the battle of St. Vincent, the *Excellent*, shortly before the action, had bent a new fore-top-sail, and when she was closely engaged with the *St. Isidro*, Captain (afterwards Lord) Collingwood called out to his boatswain, "Bless me! Mr. Puffers,

how came we to forget to bend our old top-sail? They will quite ruin that new one: it will never be worth a farthing again."

NEW WORKS.

Tales of Woman, designed to exhibit the female character in its brightest points of view, are announced for immediate publication. It is said to be a work peculiarly worthy of female acceptance.

The Garrick Correspondence has, it is said, been placed in the hands of an experienced literary character and dramatic amateur, to be prepared for publication.

In the Press.—The Life and Times of Daniel De Foe, containing a review of his writings, and his opinions upon a variety of important matters, civil and ecclesiastical. Also an account of many contemporary Writers. By Walter Wilson.

An elegant volume of a novel character, devoted to the most elegant recreations and pursuits of young ladies.

Memoirs of Paul Jones; compiled from his Original Journals, Correspondence, and other Papers, brought from Paris by his heirs at the time of his death, in 1792.

The Life and Adventures of Alexander Selkirk, who died in 1723; containing the real Incidents upon which the Romance of Robinson Crusoe is founded.

Scenes of War, and other Poems, by John Malcolm.

The Trials of Life, a Novel, by the Author of *De Lisle*, or the Sensitive Man.

Conversations on Intellectual Philosophy, or a familiar explanation of the Nature and Operations of the Human Mind.

A New Year's Eve; and other Poems. By Bernard Barton.

The Interpositions of Divine Providence, selected exclusively from the Holy Scriptures. In one volume, 12 mo. By Joseph Fincher, Esq.

The Last Supper. By the author of Farewell to Time.